W. Baulkeel

1781

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Her Royal Highneſs the Dutcheſs of Cumberland

The Right Hon. the Counteſs Dowager Ferrers

Miſs Lutterell

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THE DEDICATION.

AUTHOR.

ABJECT the Bard, who plies his venal pen,
To compliment with praiſe the worſt of men;
Who ſtoops with dedication's oil to ſmear
Some courtly ſop, or faſhion-hunting peer;
Who to a vain, proud patron, ſuits his tone,
And is the worſt of enemies—his own:
For then to pleaſe another's whim confin'd,
The drudge muſt loſe his liberty of mind;
That bold exertion all have equal right
To taſte, and to enjoy, as free as light;

Indeed more freely, for however hard
The tax may ſeem, from light we are debarr'd:
But let no ſtateſman by falſe tutors taught,
Think he can bar the privilege of thought.
That godlike principle will ſtill remain,
Spite of the tyrant's whip, or tyrant's chain.

F. R I E N D.

But whence this heat, my friend, or why ſuppoſe
Thou to thyſelf ſhould'ſt be the worſt of foes,
By fixing on a patron to ſecure
His notice, and *thy* credit to inſure!

A. Thro' *books of ſcience* tho' thy mind hath ran,
How little know'ſt thou of the BOOK OF MAN!
Can dungeon'd captives, proſtrate on the ground,
With maſſy bolts and bars encompaſs'd round,
Shut from the breath of life, the wholeſome air,
From ev'ry proſpect elegant and fair,

Think

Think with that firm ſerenity of ſoul,
That reach of freedom, which diſdains controul,
As he, who traverſes the fields at large,
Quite independent on another's charge,
Bleſt, that his thoughts have full extent of play,
Himſelf his maſter, tho' but for a day?
If dungeon'd captives cannot exerciſe
That ſcope of thought, like thoſe who view the ſkies,
The earth, the ſea, and placid-winding ſtream,
Refreſh'd by heav'n's invigorating beam;
How can the dedicator think! who writes
With fetter'd mind, as intereſt indites.
Inſtead of truth, he muſt recur to art,
And publiſh falſhood with an aching heart;
Tickle the wretch, who promiſes a place,
With all thoſe ſmiles that trick a villain's face,
But pays the bard ('tis all his will affords)
In his own coin, and gives him nought but words.

Periſh ſuch patrons! to ſuch ſons of verſe
For ever peace! they all deſerve a hearſe.
But when conſtrain'd to follow faſhion's mode,
I ſcorn to tread the common hackney'd road.
If dedicate I muſt, a larger field,
Than what a ſingle, private friend can yield,
I'd take my range in. With a raptur'd breaſt
For favors paſt with gratitude impreſt,
To the kind PUBLIC I would tune my ſong,
And there, if merit holds, I can't be wrong;
Nor wiſh I to appeal from their decree,
Who judge not only for themſelves, but me.

F. But wiſer heads than thine would condeſcend
To flatter greatneſs, and obtain a friend;
Men of the brighteſt, moſt accompliſh'd parts.

A. Granted, but men of far leſs honeſt hearts.

F. The key of flatt'ry opens friendſhip's door;

A. But, turn'd too hard, it ſtrains the lock the more.

F. Come,

F. Come, come, ſhake off this ſelf-ſufficient pride,
And let your intereſt, and cuſtom guide;
Place the great genius DRYDEN in your view,
Nor fear reproach, his ſteps if you purſue.

A. What! coarſely feed another's vain conceit,
And wriggle into favor by deceit!
Tho' none more ſweetly touch'd the ſacred lyre,
Or nobly ſwell'd the note of muſic higher,
Sublime and maſculine, whoſe force and eaſe
In varied meaſures elevate and pleaſe,
Of magic numbers arbiter ſupreme,
Himſelf at once the fountain and the ſtream;
Yet muſt I think, tho' dearly I regard,
The dedicator hath expos'd the bard.

F. Not quite ſo faſt, for want might guide his pen,
And make him pay his court to courtly men;
And want will make a felon by the bye.

A. That's true, but want will never juſtify.

Shall

Shall I my thoughts in flatt'ry's dreſs diſguiſe,
Call DULLMAN witty, or an *Ideot* wiſe,
Each feeble financier a ſecond PITT,
VERBOSE an orator, TOM FOOL a wit,
Or give *Therſites* HECTOR's manly grace,
And *Æſop*'s viſage an ADONIS face!
Forbid it Honeſty!—

F. A canting phraſe,
That ne'er your fortune, or your fame will raiſe.

A. Injurious thought! believe me in the end,
An honeſt man will never want a friend;
Or if he fails, undaunted he can dare,
Deſcend into himſelf, and find one there.

F. Once more be rul'd by me, and chooſe a man
To lift you into conſequence.—

A. Your plan
For once I'll follow. Whom then ſhall I ſay?

F. Whom! why ſuppoſe the Premier of the day.

A. Come

A. Come, Panegyric! whilſt the verſe I cloſe,
And ſtoop to ſoothing flummery and proſe.

THE DEDICATION.

TO

The Right Honourable, &c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,

WITH the moſt profound Humility I preſume to caſt myſelf at your Lordſhip's illuſtrious Feet: For I know not any Man, from whom I can ſo properly crave a Protection of the following Sheets. To deſcribe your various Excellencies would take up more Time than employ'd the celebrated Doctor Johnſon in compiling his important, and univerſally applauded Dictionary. As an able Financier, you confeſſedly excel all that ever fill'd your high Station before. To ſay that your Lordſhip rivals CICERO *in the Senate would be paying you a*

very ſneaking Compliment. Tho' engag'd in the weighty Buſineſs of the Nation, your Lordſhip poſſeſſes ſo much Politeneſs, ſo much Goodnature, ſo much Grace, and ſo much Affability, that you can condeſcend to lend a gracious Ear to the meaneſt Inferior. It is but Juſtice to ſay, that the Patron and the Bard are united in your finiſh'd Character, and that you are the MECAENAS, *and the* HORACE *of the Age. In ſhort, your Lordſhip's Mind is a perfect* ENCYCLOPAEDIA. *Foreigners, as well as Natives, will ſubſcribe to*———

****

Periſh ſuch incenſe! like an ample piece
Of over-potent, fragrant amber-greaſe,
It ſtinks enough to knock an ATLAS down,
And in its progreſs ſurfeits half the town.

F. But are there none among the noble claſs,
On whom your Muſe a compliment can paſs?

A. How

A. How can the Muſe ſurvey with kind regard
Slaves to a die, or vaſſals to a card,
Perfume with praiſe thoſe men without regret,
Who riſque their whole eſtates upon a bet,
And pay a pimp, before they pay a debt!
Bankrupts in health, in fortune, and in fame,
They but preſerve the remnant of a name,
Of no more force than bodies that are dead,
The life, that warm'd the maſs, for ever fled.
Hence the gay trappings of each ruin'd Peer,
Are borne away t'enrich an Auctioneer,
My Lady's toilette travels from the Weſt
To dreſs ſome gloomy chamber in the Eaſt,
Whilſt my Lord's wardrobe glitters on the ſtage,
Or decks a firſt-rate Sharper of the age.

F. This language ill becomes a man of rhyme.
'Tis inſolence, and ſlander out of time.

Truce with your notions, with your ſcandal truce,
Nor on your betters caſt ſuch foul abuſe.
What right haſt thou to cenſure ſtations high,
Who in Creation's ſcale art but a fly!

A. Fly tho' I am, a fly hath right to feed,
As inſtinct leads, and riot on the ſteed,
As great a right, perhaps, to ſling his hide,
As he to bite, or flap him from his ſide.
If vice or folly lord it through the Town,
The Muſe, as lawful game, will hunt it down.
Herein ſhe acts an honeſt Judges's part,
Who dooms the culprit to a public cart.

F. Still are the reigning vices of the age
The conſtant ſubjects of thy daily page!
Still wilt thou draw thy bold ſatiric Pen
To ſhame the breaſts of great, tho' guilty men,
Remark each folly, regiſter each crime,
And grave its agent on the plate of time!

Deſiſt,

Deſiſt, my friend, adopt a nobler plan,
Nor make me bluſh that I was born a man.
Through life one grand deluſion leads aſtray.
Following, no wonder if men miſs their way.
Prone to miſtake, with eager eyes they look
Through two falſe mediums at Creation's book;
Seen through the one, how diſtant Virtue lies!
How faint her luſtre! and how ſmall her ſize!
View'd through the other, Vice approaches near,
And all her features magnify'd appear.
Nature's defects they trace but to condemn,
Dwell on the dunghill, and o'er-look the gem.
Ah! turn aſide from all that tends to ſhock,
The yawning cavern, and the frightful rock,
Lead to the grove, that ſeems for ſtudy made,
Half dreſt in ſun, and chequer'd half with ſhade:
Let fancy there in penſive pleaſure muſe,
Nor antedate the ſtorm, that winter brews:

Or if the fertile vallies more invite,
Or more the hills, and ſpacious plains delight,
So as the mind one ſoft idea gains,
Lead to the hills, the vallies or the plains.

In Nature's map the geometric eye
Luxuriant ſpots of beauty may eſpy:
The various formidable ſcenes appear,
Them gloomy wilds, and vaſt moraſſes here,
Full many a ſhining object charms the ſight,
Like the moon breaking through the cloud of night,
See buxom plenty wave her fruitful horn,
And fragrant ſhrubs the velvet ſlopes adorn;
Gay woods, and winding ſtreams, and lawns ſerene,
In lively contraſt variegate the ſcene.
Manſions magnificent, and ſcatter'd vills,
And ſteeples peeping o'er the diſtant hills,
Preſent a Landſcape for the choiceſt taſte,
Whilſt the fair field compenſates for the waſte.

Thus,

Thus, tho' the human ſyſtem Vice contains,
Virtue, reſplendent Virtue ſtill remains,
Appears, perhaps, more bright in being found
Where follies multiply, and crimes abound;
As does the flow'r that lifts its blooming head,
Pure, tho' inclos'd within a weedy bed;
O'er vice ſhe triumphs, like ſome ſmiling wreath,
That mocks the frowning RUIN underneath.

Yes there are thoſe, who, ſpite of common fame,
In private reverence her ſacred name,
Whom falſe ambition ne'er could lure to ſin,
Nor faſhion bubble, nor corruption win,
Who pay their welcome viſits to the bed,
Where pale diſtreſs reclines her aching head,
And, like ſome guardian Angel ſent to ſave,
Stretch forth their arms, & wreſt her from the grave.

But why thine anger to the great confin'd,
Are they the only culprits of mankind?

Why

Why aim at thoſe alone the taunt ſevere,
The nipping jeſt, and irritating ſneer?
Spare 'em—

A. Well—well—the mottos of the mon
Convey a keener ſatire than my pen;
Like flatt'ring epitaphs, that but debaſe
The very tombs, which they were meant to grace:
With this diſtinction only both are read,
The living thoſe lampoon, and theſe the dead.

F. That ſtrain again—

A. You quite miſtake my view,
The great I reverence as well as you.

F. Whom call you great?

A. That man who dreads a ſin,
Nor fears the dagger of reproach within;
Whoſe "boſom's Lord ſits lightly on his throne,"
And knows the joy to tyrants never known;

Who

Who with a firm, ſedate, well temper'd mind,
Acts well the part, that Providence aſſign'd;
Who bleſt with wealth thro' life's uncertain ſtage,
Finds work for youth, and ſoft repoſe for age;
Who, if he bears the mark of noble blood,
Ennobles it the more by doing good;
O'er ſad misfortune pours a golden ſhow'r,
And lets the will accompany the pow'r;
Raiſes inſulted merit from the ground,
And breathes benevolence on all around;
True to religion, loyal to his king,
Good huſband, parent, maſter, ev'ry thing.
This is the man, who claims my beſt regard,
A glorious ſubject for a ſoaring bard.

F. Subordinate degrees all ſtates demand,
This truth law's clarion echoes through the land.

A. Granted—but with my mind it ill accords,
To think thoſe gods, whom kings created lords.

All

All thanks to him, the delegate of fate,
Who plac'd mankind on a more equal ſtate,
Lop'd off the conſtitution's rotten limb,
And conquer'd thoſe, who would have conquer'd him.*
Hence trade began through Britain to prevail,
And ſtately commerce crowded all her ſail;
Each precious freight exulting ocean bore,
And proudly billow'd it from ſhore to ſhore;
The ghoſt of buried liberty appear'd,
And e'en her phantom's phantom was rever'd.
When induſtry, with public ſpirit warm,
Gave ſoul and body to her airy form;
Gave her that health, and that complexion fair,
Which now ſhe wears—and may ſhe always wear!
Ye generous Britons! who approach his tomb,
Confeſs his praiſe—confeſs it, or be dumb:

HENRY'S

* Hen. VII.

HENRY's leaſt foe deſerves a tyrant's chain,
Nor ought to proſper in a BRUNSWICK's reign.
Yet where 'tis due, ſtrict homage let me pay,
And give diſtinction all its proper ſway.
But, whilſt I own this equitable plan,
Still muſt I claim the privilege of man,
That privilege, whoſe fence no force can break;
To think at large, and now, and then to ſpeak.
Tho' wealth and titles admiration draw,
And regal diadems are view'd with awe,
Such perfect charms hath Honeſty for me,
I'd rather NATHAN, than a DAVID be.

F. So you'll not dedicate—

A. In truth, not I,
Till you preſent a NATHAN to my eye.

HENRY's land foe deprives a tyrant's chain,
Nor ought to prosper in a BRUNSWICK's reign.
Yet where his due, kind homage let me pay,
And give distinction all its proper way.
But, while I own this equitable plan,
Still must I claim the privilege of man,
That privilege, whose force no force can break;
To think at large, and how, and when to speak.
Tho' wealth and titles adulation draw,
And regal diadems are viewed with awe,
Such perfect charms hath Honesty for me,
I'd rather NATHAN, than a DAVID be.

P. So you'll not dedicate—

A. In truth, not I.

Till you present a NATHAN to my eye.

THE AUCTIONEERS; A TOWN ECLOGUE.

THE AUCTIONEERS;

A

TOWN ECLOGUE.

PREFACE.

THE *following* petite *Piece*, (though * its Beauties may not be numerous, or perfected with the nice Touches and Embellishments of Art, nor written in a † bold and great Stile, nor altogether ‡ adapted with skilful Utility) *strongly indicates what may be accomplished by an abler Pen.* The

* See the Advertisement which announces the Title of Hobbinol: "Its numerous beauties are perfected with the nice touches and "embellishments of Art."

† "Nature hath composed the ground in a bold and great Stile."—Ditto.

‡ "The offices are adapted with skilful Utility."—Principles of Rhetoric.

The Author is conscious that he is inferior to the conspicuous Originals in lesser Minutiæ; but he flatters himself that he has retained, and concentred in his grand, striking point of View, THE CHEQUERS, LARGE, RICH, GENUINE, ELEGANT, CAPITAL, MAGNIFICENT, VALUABLE & DESIREABLE BEAUTIES. *Fully convinced of its Importance, he begs leave to recommend the serious perusal of it to all young Pupils, who wish to reach the* Altitude *of Perfection in the noble Science of* THE HAMMER. *He advises them, therefore, to look upon the ensuing* DISPLAY *as an* OBELISK *to engage their Attention, or rather as a*

PLENARY RESERVOIR, *from whence they may* exhauſtulate *their ſtreams of Elocution, 'till Time and Experience ſhall compliment them with a* DOUCEUR *of a* CLAVE, *or Key, to unlock and* ſovereignate *the whole.*

The Author, reflecting that Engravers have frequently exhibited Prints of the moſt capital Pictures, for fear the divine *Originals ſhould be loſt or deſtroyed, was induced to make a ſimilar Attempt in the following Pages; for, if thoſe Records of Elocution, the News-papers, (together with their ineſtimable Manuſcripts) ſhould undergo the ſame Fate, to what a de-*

plorable

Bathos and Gothic Barbarism would the Science before-mentioned be reduced! To guard, therefore, as much as possible against such a tremendous Event, as well as to answer every other beneficial Purpose, the Author's Intention is to make

MERTINGFORDBURY PARK,
SOUTHGATE FARM,
TRANQUIL DALE,
DORKHAM GROVE,
FROGMORE HALL,
AND
RUSBRIDGE, the Manor, Estate, and Seat of the late PHILIP CARTERET WEBB, Esq; in the County of SURRY, 36 Miles distant from the Capital,

(Cum multis aliis)

"Like in Description, and look green in Song."

HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

THE AUCTIONEERS;

A

TOWN ECLOGUE.

WHILST you, chief rulers of the *Rostrum* scene,
L******* the Great, and C******* the Serene,
With brow solute, inimitably free,
Intent to hear, and vigilant to see,
The paths of fame and opulence pursue,
Exhaust old phrases, and imagine new;

THE AUCTIONEERS,

An hour, and not defraud the public weal!"
Yet will I try the florid, soothing lay:
My toil perhaps the public may repay,
Nor you the tribute of Applause refuse
To the kind verse of one good-natur'd Muse.

Two Rivals lately flood expos'd to view;
This wore a MAJOR, and *that* bore a CUE:*
Much keen sensation did the scene create,
And much professionary warm debate:
When lo! a spectre—too benign to shock,
No *Cock-lane* ghost, but lo! the ghost of COCK;
COCK the renown'd, the primest of the prime;
COCK, the delight, and wonder of his time.
With placid mien, expressive of repose,
He thus address'd the two contending foes.

Long

* The English mode of spelling is adopted for obvious Reasons.
† Famous Auctioneer in his Day.

Long have you reign'd Competitors in fame,
Diſputed long for excellence of name;
Both great in execution and deſign,
But which the greateſt, to adjudge be mine!
And ſee this *Hammer!* poliſh'd fair and ſmooth,
Form'd from an Elephant's undoubted tooth,
Its priſtine ſtate, which ſhall no more renew,
Divided from the trunk, near which it grew.
Be his the prize, whoſe oily tongue affords
The beſt aſſemblage of the choiceſt words!
And who to queſtion my decree ſhall dare!
He ſaid—and brandiſh'd it aloft in air.

They leer'd aſſent—each attitude was eaſe,
The eaſe of Nature, that muſt always pleaſe.
Not *Foote*'s primæval puppets could command
More pliant flexure of the head or hand.
And here the Muſe, the jocund Muſe, would ſing
Th' *aquatic* luſtre of each brilliant ring;

But no such *tasteful* ornament had they,
And why!—because it was not Auction-day.

Precisely now they shew'd the *waving line*,
Precisely now display'd the *serpentine*;
And mark'd by turns, as each by turns took place,
The line of Beauty, and the line of Grace.*
From years entitled to the first essay,
The MAJOR pour'd his *Melibœan* lay.
To him, as anxious to sustain his part,
Warbled the CUB with *Tityrean* art.

The MAJOR.

How CAPITALLY fine yon Mansion stands,
What views august! and what superb Commands!
Her choicest teints hath Nature 'fus'd around,
Compos'd and shap'd with elegance the ground.†

The

OBSERVATIONS.

* See Hogarth's Analysis.

† "There is something peculiarly august in Bulbridge; the whole ground is composed by Nature in a bold and great Stile."—Vide the Advertisement.

"Nature hath shaped the ground with elegance."—Ditto.

The CUE.

Tranquil that vill, the vicinage how neat!*
With beauty pregnant, and with taſte replete;
For there the elements with ruſtic eaſe†
In ſocial harmony conſpire to pleaſe.

The MAJOR.

Behold the ſpacious park well ſtock'd with deer!
There trees umbrageous, lawns delicious here;
And HERTFORD, ſoften'd by the ſpace between,
Beams an enrichment o'er the vivid ſcene.‡

The CUE.

Detach'd each office for the maid and man,
Form'd on the chaſteſt, eligible plan;
Commodious,

OBSERVATIONS.

* "In a vicinage truly reſpectable, commanding proſpects replete with beauty."

† "The elements conſpire together, in ſocial harmony, to "render the proſpect complete."

‡ "The views are every where beautiful; and the town of "Hertford, ſoftened by its diſtance, is a fine enrichment to the "landſcape."—Adv. of Hertingfordbury Park.

Commodious, large, compact, and *isole*,*
Save where united to an arched way.

The MAJOR.

The trees and shrubs are fortunately plac'd,
And with surrounding objects fully grac'd:
The flowing rivers, flowing without toil,†
Enrich the Stock, and fertilize the Soil.‡

The CUE.

The prospect only the horizon bounds,§
And Mister *Brown* hath sweetly plann'd the grounds;
Brown, in quaint art whom *Chambers* may excel,
But ne'er could capabilitate so well.

Gravel

OBSERVATIONS.

* "The premises stand ISOLATED, and only communicate to an archway."—Adv. of a House in Queen-Ann-Street.

† Inferior to the original: "The rivers flow with infinite ease."—Adv. of Hertingfordbury Park.

‡ "The gardens and grounds are finely watered by canals, which embellish the scene, and fertilize the soil."—Adv. of Nightingale Hall.

§ "The prospect is unconfined only by the horizon."

Gravel the ſoil, the ſituation dry,
The air ſalubrious, and a healthful ſky.

The MAJOR.

With lymph the ponds, the woods with arbo rage
ſtor'd;
Luxuriant Plenty ſpreads her ample board;
The hills and vales, which give to pleaſure ſcopes,
Riſe in acclivities, and ſink in ſlopes.*

The CUE.

The work how great! th' embelliſhments how
rare!
Taſtefully choſen, and diſpos'd with care.†
The firſt apartments of the roomy pile,
Diſplay the matchleſs *Adamatic* ſtile.

The

OBSERVATIONS.

* "Together with the hanging hills, which riſe with elegant
ſcliviry"
"The ſituation is dry, the air ſalubrious, and the proſpects are taſtefully choſen and diſpoſed."
Adv. of Bookham Grove.

The MAJOR.

Not richer ſcenes could *Tempe*'s field preſent,
Nor fairer gardens e'er were form'd by *Kent*.
Quotidian ſtrains the warblers rarely ceaſe;
The ways are pleaſant, and the paths are peace.

The CUE.

'Tis true, the gardens are not to be loath'd;
With fruit the walls are cropp'd, and crown'd, and cloath'd;
A ſtately hot-houſe, where the grape and pine
Diſpenſe their ſweets exuberantly fine;
And all the circumjacent country round
Happily deſtin'd for the horn and hound.*
Tickets to view the premiſes may be
Had by applying Monday next to me.

The

OBSERVATIONS.

* "The adjacent country is an open fertile champaign, that "affords abundance of field ſport."—Adv. of Bookham Grove. In other places, HAPPILY DESTINED.

The MAJOR.

Charming plantations decorate the glades,*
And ſheets of water ruſh in bold caſcades.†
Bridges and temples, grots beyond compare,‡
Pavilions here, and mauſoleums there,
Noble conſerveries, and pendent hills,
The vales well water'd with meand'ring rills,
And many a church, and many a beauteous farm,
Furniſh thoſe ſcenes that both delight and charm.
Further deſcriptions will be ready ſoon;
If not before, at leaſt on Friday noon.

OBSERVATIONS.

* "Grottoes and charming plantations."—Adv. of Buſbridge.

† "Spacious ſheets of water ruſhing down in perpetual caſcades."—Ditto.

‡ "Bridges, temples, pavilions, mauſoleum, noble conſerverie, "and hanging hills, furniſh all thoſe ſcenes that can delight and "charm."—Adv. of Buſbridge.

The CUE.

Itinerant objects on the Thames diſplay*
A proſpect truly picturesque and gay,
Where, in each ſcene, collective or apart,
Nature's abundant hand is touch'd by Art.†
How bleſt the owner! fortunate his lot,
For ſingularly happy ſtands the ſpot.

The MAJOR.

The manſion's uſe what mortal can define,
Built on an incombuſtible deſign!
In ſweet Vicinity, on yonder lands,
The Noſtril's treat, a fragrant Brick-kiln ſtands.
The ſmoke aſcends, voluminouſly fair,
And ſcents, like Muſk, the circum-ambient air.

The

OBSERVATIONS.

* "Itinerant objects moving on the Thames."

† "A ſpot ſingularly happy, and from Nature's abundant hand happily touched by Art: It is juſtly eſteemed the moſt deſirable ſituation in Kent."—Adv. of the ſpacious Freehold Manſion of Sir James Gray, K. B.

The CUE.

The weeping Willow, chief of all her train,
Droops o'er the liquid element amain,*
Which, kindly condeſcending to reflect,
Creates a penſive, ſenſible effect.
And ſee thoſe banks for ſoft poetic dreams,
Linnæan beauties, and prolific ſtreams,‡
With neat BRICK HORSE-PONDS (neateſt bricks indeed!) †
The ſource of pleaſure to the thirſty ſteed.§

OBSERVATIONS.

* "The weeping willow, drooping over a well-ſtocked fiſh-"pond, has a ſenſible effect."—Adv. of Green's PLANT or Brew-houſe at Chelſea.

‡ "The canals prolific and beautiful."

† "There is likewiſe conveniently diſperſed a coach-houſe, "Brick horſe-pond, &c."—Adv. of the Brew-houſe.

§ "The CREEK (the ſource of wealth) that ſubjoins and abuts "the premiſes, is not more ineſtimable for its inexhauſtible and "ſalutary ſupply of the liquid element, than for the benefical "navigable conveyance it affords."

But now the Pictures all our praise demand;
There shine the touches of a master's hand;
What brilliant stile of colouring is there,
Clear composition, and expressive air!

The MAJOR.

The first precedence does this picture hold,
So quiet, yet superlatively bold.
A grand, mix'd manner dignifies the face,
The force of REMBRANDT, and a RAPHAEL's grace.
To which ascribe we this without a blush?
Th' *Italian*'s pencil, or the DUTCHMAN's brush?

The CUE.

To give the palm to either I am loth;
Pronounce it then the genuine work of both.*

Though,

OBSERVATIONS.

* The only objection that can be made to this, is, it is strongly conjectured, that Raphael died before the other was born; but perhaps there may be an Error in the Chronology.

Though, from the *truth* that marks the ſoft out-line,
None but *Saint Luke* could finiſh ſo divine.

The MAJOR.

Who with ſuch ſmooth addreſs as mine can teach
The flowing, ſweet ductility of ſpeech;
The ſtriking epithet, that wins applauſe;
The quick tranſition, and the ſolemn pauſe?
Behold theſe Portraits! full as broad as life,
The ſubject—P. P. *Rubens*, and his Wife.
He *had* a wife, and a *good* wife he had,
(A certain index that ſhe was not bad)
No dread *Xantippe*, amorous of noiſe,
But well adapted to domeſtic joys.
See! how ſhe ſits, and ſmiles in fine Relief,
Like Patience, on a monument, at Grief.

The CUE.

And not leſs equal I—'tis mine to ſtray
Blithe o'er Deſcription's *lily-roſey* way,

To

Engine (such weight my eloquence affords)
Something to all things by parade of words.
Observe this SNYDER! mark the varied strife;
In the Stag's *death* what animated *life*!
What strong expression in the deep-mouth'd hound!
For as *one* looks, *one* thinks *one* hears the Sound.

The MAJOR.

Can none remember at what rate I sold
A brazen Engine bright as burnish'd gold,
Fram'd in its urn a genial warmth to bear,
For service apt, and fashion'd for the fair,
Some Inn-maid fair, who, to the business bred,
Can warm the dotard, as she warms his bed?

The CUE.

Hence with your boasting! with your Engine hence!
And know that lately for a price *immense*
I knock'd an earthen *Lady's Slipper* down,
Alarm'd my pupils, and surpris'd the town.

The

The *Vaſe* I ſtamp'd with *Cleopatra's* name,
Increas'd its value, and enlarg'd my fame.

The MAJOR.

For thrice its worth a Kettle once I ſold,
But gave it firſt an appellation bold:
" Survey (with luſtre ſparkling in my eye)
" This Culinary Utenſil," ſaid I;
" Take note, the whole circumference within
" Is *antique* ſilver, (though 'twas lin'd with tin;)
" The outſide, by its being us'd ſo oft,
" Black as black velvet, and almoſt as ſoft."

The CUE.

Such once my luck—if I have not forgot,
A curious, large Bread-baſket was the lot.
" Obſerve this rich Repoſitory here,
(As round the room I caſt a catching leer)
" *In ſections multiform* contriv'd to hold
" The gift of CERES from the baker's mould.

" Where,

" Where, as the eye ſuperb engravings greet,
" Neatneſs and Uſe reciptocally meet."*

The GHOST of COCK.

Enough—your dazzling parts my choice divide,
Nor monthly Critics can the Cauſe decide.
Each to the prize puts in his equal plea,
As like as egg to egg, or pea to pea.
But ſince the Gods and Goddeſſes ordain,
I muſt not bear the *Hammer* back again,
Take then, oh! take, from an impartial friend,
The *Handle* one, and one the *Mallet-end*.

OBSERVATIONS.

* "The offices well calculated; in every part Utility and Neatneſs reciptocally meet."—Adv. of Fongueire Hall.

THE GRACES:

A POETICAL EPISTLE.

FROM A *GENTLEMAN TO HIS SON.*

PRIDE of my youth, and Comfort of my age!
To thee I conſecrate this uſeful page.
Vers'd in the niceſt arts of human kind,
To thee thy Parent pours forth all his mind;
And be it thine to treaſure in thy heart
The grand *arcana*, which I now impart.

As Health derives its moſt important charge,
More from the ſmaller veſſels than the large,
On ſmall events ſo man's ſucceſs depends,
By theſe alone he gains the greateſt ends;
And as he keeps this maxim, or forſakes,
A Trifle marrs him, or a Trifle makes.

Court then the Graces, court! as I have done;
This rule adopt, or quit the name of Son.
This I will hollow conſtant in thy ear,
As loud as *Hotſpur* hollow'd *Mortimer*:
I would not keep a cat, or feed a bird,
That pip'd ungraceful, or ungraceful purr'd*.

Let ſtrict *Attention* all your acts direct,
It wins Applauſe, as it denotes Reſpect.

Obſerve

* The graceful manner of ſpeaking is particularly what I ſhall always hollow in your ear, as HOTSPUR hollow'd MORTIMER to HENRY the fourth, and like him, I have aimed to have a Starling taught to ſay, "SPEAK DISTINCTLY AND GRACEFULLY," and ſend him you to replace your loſs of the unfortunate Matzell, who by the way, I am told, ſpoke his language DISTINCTLY AND GRACEFULLY.

Lord Cheſterfield's Letter to his Son, page 305. 4to. edit. 1ſt. Vol.

Obſerve it in the moſt minute degree,
As well when *out* of, as *in* company.
Obſerve it even in the SHRINE of EASE,
An error there the GODDESS may diſpleaſe.
Learn what materials will your purpoſe fit,
And next enquire the *Quantum ſufficit*;
That *quantum* then in even folds diſpoſe,
And wipe as cleanly, as you'd wipe your Noſe.
In ev'ry circumſtance, in ev'ry place,
The eaſe of Nature aſks the eaſe of Grace.
What pity 'tis! a Gentleman can't ſend
This vulgar deed in Proxy to attend.
'Tis quite *beneath* the dignity of man,
So prithee, Child! avoid it—if you can;
But if it prove an irkſome, windy war,
And nought, but vent, can terminate the jar;
Diſtinct and graceful, let th' exploſion ſound,
And fill with Harmony the ſweet profound.

Think not that Merit of itſelf can raiſe
Promotion's ladder, or the ſtep of Praiſe*.
How came SIR FLETCHER in the Speaker's Chair!
Did Merit, or the Graces, place him there!
Without the Graces what would W—— be!
W—— the Sage—a brief without a fee;
If more polite, perhaps he might be CHIEF,
And then he'd have the Fee without the Brief.
Say! was it Merit, like a blazing Star,
That firſt diſtinguiſh'd DUNNING at the Bar!
By Grace, and Attitude, the Prize he won,
For he and Grace, and Grace and he are one;
And while his rapid energy alarms,
The *Lawyer* ſtrikes us—but th' ADONIS charms.

To

* I muſt repeat it to you over and over again, that with all the knowledge which you may have at preſent, or hereafter acquire, and with all the merit that ever man had, if you have not a graceful addreſs, &c. you will be NOBODY. Page 500, 1ſt Vol.

To Juſtice BLACKSTONE now direct your eye,
What other Juſtice can with BLACKSTONE vie?
'Twas his to comment, his to analyze,
And draw the cobweb-curtain from our eyes;
Each legal winding nicely to explore,
And give to RUFUS one ſound Lawyer more.
But what of that! he might have ſtill retail'd
Inglorious Fees, had not his form prevail'd;
His gracious form, by Nature fram'd to pleaſe,
Which robs ANTINOUS of half his eaſe.

To ----- * ----- Rock, the PETERBOROUGH preach,
To Phyſic now—that claims the ſecond place.
SCHOMBERG has Skill, but PRINGLE has the Grace;
And yet—but how I know not—I proteſt,
THAT Schomberg's univerſally careſt;
Hated perhaps—for taking NATURE's part—
By none, but the Profeſſors of the ART.

Tho' BROMFIELD operates as quick as thought,
His Fame and Judgment would be ſet at nought

* The Reader is deſired to fill up this Blank with the Name of
his Catholick Preacher he thinks proper.

Did not the ſweetneſs of his ſoft Addreſs,
That graceful mode he carves with, more or leſs,
Conduce to ſave his happy patient's life,
And make him look with pleaſure at his knife.

Thus with Divines. The multitude careſs
The Preacher of the moſt expert Addreſs.
'Tis not the doctrine that the crowd revere,
They go to pleaſe the eye, and not the ear;
Hundreds, in ſpite of thoſe who truly teach,
To ------ * flock, tho' PETERBOROUGH preach.

Think you (and this to CHATHAM I ſubmit)
That parts ſuperior rais'd the name of PITT!
No—'twas that elegant, HANS STANLEY Eaſe,
That Manner ſoft, which could not fail to pleaſe;
That magic ſomething, which yet wants a name,
And hands GREAT TALLBOY to immortal fame.

Say!

* The Reader is deſired to fill up this Blank with the Name of any Methodiſt Preacher he thinks proper.

Say! was it parts (tho' WALPOLE ne'er had more)
That held up NORTH amidſt a factious roar!
With cautious eye the ſteady helm he guides,
And o'er the ſea of ſtate triumphant rides.
Firm, as the ſolid rock, that nobly braves,
The raving fury of the laſhing waves,
He ſtands—and mocks, unconſcious of a ſhame,
The voice of Clamour, and the lies of Fame.
But did th' exertion of his parts alone
Give, or deſerve the favour of the throne!
Tho' bleſt with Goodneſs both of Heart and Head,
That goodneſs had remain'd inert and dead,
His well-earn'd conſequence would ne'er maintain,
Were he not *Haſlang'd* in the Graces train.

But now to more familiar rules I fall,
And beg you'll practiſe and obſerve 'em all.
When at the Play, be all alike ſerene,
Or at the tragic, or the comic ſcene.

Let

See Thalia (GARRICK ſtanding by her ſide)
With laughter loud plebeian mouths divide,
Whoſe ha! ha! ha's! the tender ear annoy.
Do thou diſdain the coarſe, unmeaning joy;*
Nor ope your lips, but purely to diſcloſe
How white your teeth, how accurate the rows.

When Tragedy puts on her ſable ſtole,
Whoſe very looks convey her very ſoul;
Whoſe words a murderer's repoſe defeat,
And make a *Nabob* ſhudder in his ſeat;
Whoſe plaintive tones can melt the worthy breaſt,
That ever melts, when Merit is diſtreſt;
Who calls forth tears, of tears a copious ſtore
From ſullen eyes, that never wept before;

Tears

* You may often be ſeen to ſmile, but never heard to laugh, while you live. Frequent and loud laughter is the characteriſtic of folly and ill-manners. It is the manner in which the mob expreſs their ſilly joy at ſilly things. In my mind there is nothing ſo illiberal and ſo ill-bred as audible laughter. Page 268.

Tears that do honour to the human heart,
And ſuch as BARRY can at will impart;
When ſuch the ſympathy (tho' ne'er ſo ſtrong)
Ah! catch not thou th' effuſion of the throng;
For if they ſee you ſhed one real tear,
The very men, who ſhift the ſcenes, will ſneer.

Now liſt attentive! liſt! whilſt I unfold
A ſecret, that in verſe has ne'er been told.
All think they know it, but 'tis known to few,
That is, how beſt to buckle on your ſhoe;
Tho' ſtrong their judgment, and their fancy bright,
Ten do it wrong for one, who does it right.
On this ſide ſome, and ſome on that diſplay
This uſeful ornament in awkward way.
But wiſer thou! obſerve nor that, nor this,
Say what men will, both methods are amiſs;

The *medium* of the foot denotes the place,
Its proper fixture for external grace.*

With all his open manlineſs of mind,
Where ſolid ſenſe, and ſterling wit are join'd,
In life poor *Claſſic* never could advance,
The reaſon's plain—poor *Claſſic* could not dance.

How long in vain did learned JOHNSON toil!
And waſte in buſy thought the midnight oil:
Whoſe page the Critics ever muſt revere,
As long as genius is reputed dear,
Whoſe heart exults, or ſwells with honeſt rage,
As Vice, or Virtue, marks the riſing age;
Whoſe nervous writings ſhook the trump of Fame,
Yet left him nothing but a deathleſs name.

But

* I am very glad you have received the diamond buckles ſafe. All I deſire in return for them is, that they may be buckled even upon your foot, and that your ſtockings may not hide them.

But when the features of each *Grace* he wore,
And look'd as JOHNSON never look'd before,
Then came the meed, that honourable gain,
Which sheds such lustre over GEORGE's Reign.

Adieu! and let the *Graces* be your text*,
But I'll be more explicit in my next:
There will I teach thee, with a sire's concern,
All that is proper for a son to learn:
In pleasing segments how to pare your nails†,
(Segments must please, as long as taste prevails.)
The conduct of your breeches there make known,
How best to pull 'em up and let 'em down.
Teach thee to handle with peculiar grace,
The snuff-box, toothpick, and the toothpick-case,

* The Graces, the Graces, remember the Graces. Page 390.

† The ends of your nails should be small segments of circles, &c. every time that you wipe your hands, rub the skin round your nails backwards, that it may not grow up and shorten your nails too much. Vol. II. Page 60.

And how to cut and eat a currant tart,
Nor let your napkin, or your chin have part.
Once more, my Child! adieu! Remember me,
And ne'er, O ne'er forget the GRACES THREE!
Hug 'em as close, as, when he goes to rest,
HULL hugs his graceful *Order* to his breast.

PARODIES.

SO, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden the impetuous Hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
Th' affrighted Traveller, with wild surprize,
Sees the dry desart all around him rise,
And bury'd in the dusty whirlwind dies.

CATO.

PARODY.

SO, where the Guards in Hyde-park take their stand,
Sudden they trip it at the stern command,
Wheel o'er the plain, like boys at soldiers play,
Prime, load, present, and fire their charges away.

The

The gaping Prentice, who has left his shop,
Struck with a wild affright is seen to drop,
But finds the danger nothing but—a pop.

ANOTHER.

SO, when the Managers the Town offend,
Sudden the rioters begin to rend,
Tear up the benches, ev'ry lustre smash,
And on the stage the scatter'd fragments dash.
Each bustling Fair, with terror in her eyes,
Sees Pit and Gallery in confusion rise,
Starts from her seat, and to her carriage hies.

ANOTHER.

SO, when the Commoners are pleas'd to jar,
Sudden begins th' impetuous wordy war.
The noisy members make the quier flare,
Split the wide ear, and shake the very chair.

Th'

Th' affrighted Speaker, trembling for the chair,
Concludes some evil Minister of Fate
Has turn'd Saint Stephen's into Billingsgate.

SO, *when bright Venus yielded up her charms,*
The bleſt Adonis languiſh'd in her arms,
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows ſcatter'd, and his bow unſtrung.
Obſcure in coverts lie his dreaming hounds,
And bay the fancied boar with feeble ſounds.
For nobler ſports he quits the ſavage fields,
And all the Hero to the Lover yields.

PHÆDRA & HIPPOLITUS.

PARODY.

SO, when Miſs Coaxer yielded up her charms,
The vanquiſh'd General languiſh'd in her arms,
His regimentals dangling on the chair,
His truncheon here, his ſword and ſcabbard there.

At

At diſtance for his weary troops repoſe,
Fight in their dreams, and rout the rebel foes.
For ſofter ſkirmiſhes he quits the fields,
And all the warrior to the keeper yields.

ANOTHER.

SO, when Cindrilla had reſign'd her charms,
And "*light your honor*" ſnooz'd within her arms,
His ragged duds the floor were toſt about,
His ſtockings footleſs, and his link burnt out.
Obſcure on bulks his dingey Comrades lie,
And curſe the moon, that lights the paſſers by.
To higher rooſt, the garret, he aſcends,
And all the blackguard to the *Loveyer* bends.

ADVICE
TO AN
OLD WOMAN.

PARAPHRAS'D FROM HORACE.

GROWN old in rakeing, as in years,
'Tis time to leave the faſhionable ſpheres,
To quit each work-day's whirl-about,
And all the follies of a Sunday rout.
Why, tending daily to the grave,
Wilt thou to ſenſeleſs Faſhion be a ſlave!
Or why affect with ſprightly mien
To play the Romp with virgins of fifteen,
And, ſtrutting like a female *Mars*,
Expoſe thy cloud amidſt the brilliant ſtars!
Let *vain-airs* dancing at threeſcore,
Prevent the Coxcombs laughing at thy door.

[illegible] each flirt, and wanton leer
On thoſe who bow, and flatter but to ſneer.
A roguiſh ſmile from Beauty's eye
May raiſe the panting heart to raptures high,
But ſhot from thee with feeble aim,
It fails to pierce, or animate the frame.
To Nature's bounty large in debt,
Let thy gay daughter ogle, and coquette,
On parties revel with her Beaux,
E'en 'till the morn her bluſhing face diſcloſe.
Some dangler in a ſcarlet coat,
May make her friſky as the playful goat:
But meditations on the tomb,
So long deſpis'd, thy time of life become.
Not all thy coſt, and cunning art,
Can the leaſt youthful blandiſhment impart:
For no Coſmetic now can grace
Thy ſhrivel'd neck, and more be-ſhrivel'd face.

EPITAPH *on* Dr. GOLDSMITH.

ADIEU, ſweet Bard! to each fine feeling true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
Thoſe form'd to charm e'en vicious minds, & Theſe
With harmleſs mirth the ſocial ſoul to pleaſe.
Another's woe thy heart could always melt,
None gave more free—for none more deeply felt.
Sweet Bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays
Have ſculptur'd out thy monument of praiſe;
Yes—there ſurvive to Time's remoteſt day,
While drops the buſt, and boaſtful tombs decay.
Reader! if number'd in the Muſes' train,
Go tune the Lyre, and imitate his ſtrain;
But if no Poet thou, reverſe the plan,
Be ſomething more, and imitate the Man.

THE FEMALE ADVOCATE.

FIRST PART.

SHOULD the male race of critics rouſe, to war,
Arraign, and find me guilty at their bar,
Appeal I, as the laſt, the beſt reſort,
With due obedience to a milder court,
Where juſtice, temper'd with compaſſion, reigns,
And ſcorns to make the penalties and pains
(Although repugnant to the uſual way)
Greater than what the criminal can pay;
That court, where no deſpotic chief preſides,
And law without a curb on juſtice rides;

No

No judges frown, no counsellors betray,
No ——*sits, no ——*pleads for pay;
That court, where witnesses are fairly heard,
No watch, to quirk the meaning of a word;
No rude, ill-manner'd D—— of the law,
From truth the modest evidence to awe;
No juries pack'd, no verdict to be sold,
Or luke-warm conscience ill-exchang'd for gold;
Where all is more than decent—all polite,
Yet still consistent with the rules of right;
Where all mankind their grievances present,
And find redress—the FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

For you, ye Fair! the darling line I pen,
Write fearless on, nor dread a host of men;
Your praise I hope, if like the bee I strive,
To load myself with honey for your hive;

Plea'd

* Whoever the reader pleases.

Bless'd, and repaid, if You approve my plan,
The cause of Woman is the cause of Man.—

Too long have authors, with inglorious views,
Debas'd the sacred office of the muse,
Too long preferr'd, in rank, ill-natur'd lays,
The shaft of satire to the plume of praise;
And turning vile apostates from the NINE,
With most unhallow'd touch profan'd that shrine
Which best deserv'd their reverence on earth,
The brightest pattern of excelling worth:
WOMAN, I mean—against whose sacred charms
Satire hath op'd his magazine of arms;
With malice unprovok'd his battery play'd,
And meanly triumph'd in the wounds he made.

Behold yon injur'd beauties in distress
More than the voice of anguish can express!
But that expression, which their grief denies,
Each copious tear, more eloquent, supplies.

Scandal

Scandal hath pierc'd 'em, and her venom'd darts
Drink deep the life-ſtream of their blameleſs hearts.
To pluck the arrows forth, that laid 'em low,
And hurl the deadly terror at their foe,
And heal their wounds—be this kind office mine;
Mine to call forth, and bid theſe beauties ſhine
With light renew'd—like as the darken'd moon,
Oppos'd by earth, when night hath reach'd her noon,
Breaks from the dun eclipſe, and once again
With ſteady luſtre gilds the cheerful plain.
Riſe, lovely Mourners! with complacence bend
Your looks on me—in me behold a friend.
You and your ſex to reſcue from diſgrace,
And make detraction unto truth give place,
The poet's ſteed I mount, my glove throw down,
And take it up, who liſt.——

Let nodding GRAMMAR yawn o'er parts of ſpeech,
And learn thoſe rules, which ſhe pretends to teach;

Let

Let prating Logic upon tiptoe ſtand,
To graſp the fruit that's plac'd above her hand;
Let trope-tongu'd Rhet'ric figure as ſhe will,
Whilſt drops of nonſenſe from her lips diſtil,
Drops far more precious than all thoſe, which fall
In Stephen's chapel, or in Rufus' hall;
Let nice Arithmetic in concert join
With nicer Mathesis—let both combine
Their tables, and be certain as they ſcore,
That two and two *make* not, but *equal* four.
Let Geometry be buſy'd all the while,
In travelling the earth from mile to mile,
Curious Astronomy turn up her eyes,
And break her ſhins by looking at the ſkies,
Whilſt Muſic takes her fiddle from the ſhelf,
And ſits, and plays, and liſtens to herſelf.
Let theſe, or rather thoſe, to whom 'tis giv'n
To ſtrut *Profeſſors* of the lib'ral Sev'n,

Who having kept their terms, and paid their fees,
Are, by degrees, intitled to *degrees*;
Who fancy, Knowledge! none can mount thy tree,
Without the ladder of A. M. or B.
Who wheel, oh Science! through thy vaſt abode,
Nor think, once think, of baiting on the road;
Expert as tumblers, who, without a *wing*,
Fly through ſev'n hoops, nor touch a ſingle ring.
Let thoſe be gone, and none but Echo ſtay,
Echo, ſweet poſt! to bear my notes away
To thoſe angelic forms, whoſe taſte to pleaſe
I now ſit down to touch the fav'rite keys.

Where dróne ye? beaux of genius! in what place
Doth each fine gentleman ſecrete his face,
Abhorring epithets in common uſe,
As ſpruce in diction, as in ſubject ſpruce!
What fields! what groves! what vallies do you tread,
Collecting chaplets for AMANDA's head!

On what ſmooth hillock tend your nibbling ſheep,
Blow your ſoft reeds and tune yourſelves to ſleep,
Sweet, gentle THEOCRITUS!—or do you lie
In church-yards, blubb'ring ſome ſad elegy,
Enough to make the honeſt parſon's mare
Suſpend her morſel, turn her neck, and ſtare!
Or to ſome claſſic cloiſter do you go,
Meaſuring each verſe with even foot and ſlow,
Reciting with due tone each line you frame,
And think your readers will do juſt the ſame!
Where drone ye? beaux of genius! that, ſo long,
WOMAN hath not inſpir'd your ardent ſong.
Some few indeed with HER have grac'd their lays,
But oh! how ſcant! how niggard is their praiſe!
In this a miſer's ſpirit they diſcloſe,
Who grudges each poor pittance he beſtows.
Periſh ſuch thrift!—When WOMAN aſks a boon,
Frugality's a crime——I could as ſoon

Forſake

Forſake the friend my very heart approv'd,
Or ſpoil the honour of the girl I lov'd.
At the bare whiſper of HER magic name,
A flood of tranſport ruſhes o'er my frame.
Something, like genius, ſeizes on my brain,
Supplies its place, and animates the ſtrain.

In thought already I ſurvey the FAIR,
Range their bright troops, and for the fight prepare.
Before ſuch troops whilſt I my ſtandard rear,
My beating heart diſdains a thought of fear.
See! where two ſurly combatants advance,
In impious daring each preſents his lance;
And now abaſh'd they ſcamper from the plain,
CELIA's ſoft hand hath ſhiver'd 'em in twain.
Twelve doughty champions next in front appear,
And twice twelve more ſtand lurking in the rear.
In vain at FLORIMEL the daſtards frown,
She heaves a gentle ſigh, and blows 'em down.

Next comes a dainty SIR, with mincing pace,
Soft creamy hand, and nice cosmetic face.
In pompous tone his prowess doth he boast,
Denouncing vengeance on the FEMALE host,
And vows some other Method more refin'd
Should be devis'd to propagate mankind.
Up stepp'd AURELIA to this haughty brag,
And gently clos'd him in her knot-ting-bag.
His second next attempts a feeble stand,
With wit's sharp dagger in his trembling hand,
The puny champion fair ROSETTA sees,
Smiles at his reedy shanks, and aspen knees.
Crack went the fan of this triumphant Belle,
And down the dagger and the champion fell.
Now forward rides LOTHARIO with his band,
Thinking to conquer all with sword in hand;
But fair MIRANDA gives him such a wound,
As quite unseats, and brings him to the ground.

She looks him dead—no weapon can he try
Of proof to ward the peril of her eye.
He falls—and from his pocket mount in air
Lampoons and repartees againſt the FAIR.
Their chieftain now no more, the rebel crew
Retire in dread confuſion from the view,
Now ſmiles and ogles dart along the plain
And where they light, a multitude are ſlain.
Here lies a chop-fall'n humouriſt half-dead,
And there a witling with a broken head.
Here a conundrum cover'd with a blot,
And there a libel by rude ſpleen begot,
The heads of puns, a dull unmeaning ſtring,
And tails of epigrams without a ſting;
Trophies too poor, too mean to take away,
For that would ſtain the honour of the day.
Thus fancy faintly ſketches out the deed
In ſhade—but ſhould reality ſucceed,
I truſt,

I truſt, the female army would prevail,
And not a man eſcape to tell the tale.
Then would I ſwell the bold poetic page,
In ſounding numbers ſing th' embattl'd rage,
Borrow the wing of Fame, ſublimely ſoar,
And give PARNASSUS one Octavo more.

SECOND PART.

LET the grave, ſolemn, literary *Don*
Off with his wig—and put his night-cap on,
Looſen his collar, and untie his hoſe,
The dangling ſlipper balanc'd on his toes,
Thinking his vaſt importance to increaſe,
By apeing learned ſlovens in his dreſs;
Let him, diſdaining the reſtraint of verſe,
Sit down in proſe majeſtic, to rehearſe
The riſe and fall of ſtates, each nation's law,
And lead each character he fain would draw,

Talk

Talk much of Battles, not as they were fought,
But as in circumſtance he ſays they ought,
Put probability in place of facts,
His judgment ling'ring as his fancy acts,
Smother (not pleas'd with what plain truth affords)
The fire of action in the ſmoke of words,
With deep ſagacity point out effects,
Before he knows the motive that directs,
And, if he means his writings ſhould be read,
Be ſure to bite his nails, and rub his head.
Let him with florid metaphors abound,
Nor heed the ſenſe, ſo he can catch the ſound;
And, taylor-like, new cut the garb of proſe,
And dreſs the monſter in poetic cloaths;
With Exploration's candle in his hand,
Before the reader take his knowing ſtand,
And try to pick his way out bit by bit,
Through the dark paſſages of ancient writ,

And

And as he guides the ſtranger round about,
Take ſpecial care his candle goes not out.
Hemm'd in with Lexicons on ev'ry ſide,
And almoſt burſting with pedantic pride,
Let him compile, with trouble, toil, and care,
From choice materials cull'd—he beſt knows where,
A pond'rous folio, and to fix the eye
Nick-name it—H, I, S, T, O, R, Y.
Factious ſcribe! I envy not his name,
Nor wiſh to ſtop him on his road to fame.

Let ſome extol, with proſtituted pen,
The worſt of meaſures, and the worſt of men;
Aſſert that crimes are virtues, virtues crimes,
Swing to and fro, and ſwivel with the times.
Let others magnify each outward charm,
And ſing the poliſh of CECILIA's arm,
Pay their devotion to the dainty tip
Of CLARA's ear, or praiſe her vermil lip,

Compoſe

Compose nine lines in honour of her eye;
Spying those twinkles, which none else can spy.
Gaze on her breasts, and swear it is the seat
Where Venus' doves have fix'd their sweet retreat.
Call them Love's cushions, pillows of delight,
Where Cupid naps by days, and sleeps by night;
They have their wish—but be it mine to trace
More charms than those which simply deck the face;
To shew that man (however great of thought,
In his own sense, with sense however fraught,
Creation's fancied lord!) is but at best
A woman's play-thing, and a woman's jest.
Let each dramatic candidate commence
A foreign intercourse with foreign sense,
From France, from Spain, and fair Italia's shore,
Of wit, of fable, run whole cargoes o'er,
Turn laughing Humour from her easy-chair,
And place a sentimental figure there;

Transfuse, pursue, put out, and on the Town
Obtrude the vamp'd-up medley for his own;
As the spent rake, to make his friends inclin'd
To think his vigour active as his mind,
Without compulsion, and without regret,
Adopts the bastard, that he could not get.
Let these, grown bankrupts in poetic trade,
Not steal, but pilfer scenes already made;
Like beggars, who, where'er they want a meal
They can't obtain, are not asham'd to steal.
In spite of genius, and in nature's spite,
Let these great folks sad tragedies indite;
At ACKNIPE's fount, like fishes drink,
And then, like other drunkards, think they think.
Their several stages let 'em all pursue,
And take the hire, which is so much their due.
WOMAN's my theme—from her I'll not depart,
While strength my nerves, & courage fills my heart.

WOMAN!

Woman! the richeſt, deareſt pledge of Heav'n!
Whoſe ev'ry fault by man ſhould be forgiv'n;
Since her chief faults (which he may bluſh to own,
Yet own he muſt) proceed from him alone.
Is ſhe not born as gentle as the dove,
By nature fram'd for tenderneſs and love?
Mild as the calm, when FLORA's milky ſhow'rs
Plumps the thin plant, and feeds the craving flow'rs?
Bending to man's imperious, haughty mind,
Like the young bloſſom to the ſurly wind?
Sweeter than zephyr, when from vi'let beds
More fragrant odours he receives than ſheds,
And chearful, as the ſun in freſh array,
Prepar'd to run the journey of the day?
Glows not her heart with friendſhip's holy flame?
Is there one virtue on the roll of fame
She not inherits? Doth not innocence
Beam o'er her mind its pureſt influence?

[illegible] this [illegible] with ſpecious art
Hath the vile villain wind around her heart?
In graceful windings thus the ſerpent glides,
Diſplays his beauty, but his poiſon hides,
Though his bright veſt a thouſand charms diſcloſe,
His deadly tongue drops venom as he goes,
And round the ſtalk of ſome fair-opening flow'r
Now [illegible] he curls, yet curls but to devour.

With her what need of art hath man, if ſhe
In diſpoſition was as bad he?
No lawleſs paſſion her ſoft boſom ſtirs,
For when ſhe errs, by confidence ſhe errs.
Surrend'ring unto him love's jewel'd crown,
She thinks his heart as honeſt as her own.
When with unwearied treach'ry he hath gain'd
That gem, which could not fairly be obtain'd,
Like Cupid's dart he is the firſt to ſhoot,
And wonders at her turning proſtitute.

But grant that she for once should walk astray;
Once tread by choice guilt's slow'ry, cheerful way,
Is one, one single crime, in th' eye of Heav'n
So hateful, that it cannot be forgiv'n?
Does not THE BOOK, which Christians should revere,
Tell us that DAVID's an exception here?
Is it not written fair on truth's record,
Th' *Adulteress* stood condemn'd not by OUR LORD?
Shall then the image of his maker, MAN,
Dare act regardless of the sacred plan,
Place indignation in compassion's room,
And bear his vengeance with him to the tomb?
Wretch! with his own omnipotence made drunk,
And sunk, almost beneath redemption sunk.

Hail conq'ring WOMAN! thou! whose smile or frown
Hath pow'r to raise man up, or keep him down!
Danger for THEE the warrior dares to meet,
His laurels brings, and lays 'em at THY feet.

Finds

Therefore the hardſhips well repaid in time,
As Theſeus did in fair Antiopa's.
Our truſt our pleaſures, our woes, depend,
From THEE begin, and in THEE only end.
If huſbands drink the bitter cup of woe,
The curſt ingredient to themſelves they owe.
The jealous without cauſe deſerve neglect,
The wife he cannot love, who dares ſuſpect.
False in his heart himſelf, he thence infers
The ſame baſe principle reſides in hers.

Ye learned men! who this ſtrange thought diſpenſe
That none but learned men are men of ſenſe!
Produce the beſt philoſopher, who would
Out-ſyſtem Nature's ſyſtem, if he could,
The Age, turn'd laundry-maid, hath waſh'd in ſnow
His noddling head, and plaited o'er his brow,
That every member from its office ſwerves,
The ſpirits hobbling with the truant nerves,
And

When

When all without, and all within is ſadneſs;
And the whole fabrick's tumbling into ruin;
Enliv'ning WOMAN can diffuſe a grace,
O'er the rough ruin of his fallen face,
New life, new motion to his pulſe impart,
And melt the ice, that chills his living heart.

When in a court of juſtice SHE appears,
Render'd more beauteous by HER modeſt fears,
Amidſt the circle of the ſmiling throng,
From ear to ear what whiſpers ſteal along!
The leering judge begins to feel again
The nerve elaſtic, and the throbbing vein.
Awed by her ſight, the long-rob'd gentry ſit,
Nor dare let looſe the adder of their wit.
So much HER preſence charms, that for a while
The ſurly BURO wears a rugged ſmile.

Hail WOMAN! THOU! replete with ev'ry grace,
THOU! who canſt rule, exalt us, or debaſe.

Wounded

Then to the deaf memorial pours his mind,
Each syllable, and hugs the rind.
Anon he frames the soft, pathetic strain,
Pictures his joy, and images his pain.
Turns poet all at once, and what the Muse
Could not inspire, THY potent charms infuse.

The.

The tortoiſe creeps deliberate from his cell,
And for their uſe yields up his clouded ſhell;
The milk-white ermin, cautious of a ſpeck,
Preſerves his fur, as tippets for her neck,
Conſcious, that not one ſpot ſhould intervene,
In aught deſign'd to guard ſo chaſte a ſcene.

Hail *Woman! Thou!* for whom we draw our breath,
And buſtle onwards to the vale of death;
For whom we ſlave, we dreſs, we dance, we fight;
Thou ſpring! that feed'ſt our fountain of delight!
Favour'd by whom, the ſoldier takes up arms,
And dares his perſon to a thouſand harms,
His narrow feet with narrower ſhoes adorns,
And bids defiance to the twitch of corns;
Suffers his temples to be ſing'd, nor feels
The heat that iſſues from the curling ſteels;
Renounces, or at leaſt conceals his ſcars,
Tho' his locks ſmoke, and hiſſ

For daggers ſuch as theſe he well may bear,
Whom ball and powder never yet could feare.

For THEE he buckles on the fatal blade,
Fierce cocks his hat, and ſhews his fierce cockade.
For THEE, in martial trim behold him ſhine,
Ready to give a challenge—or decline.
When every prudent man is ſafe in bed,
And dreams of comfort hover o'er his head,
In theſe dull moments, at that ſluggiſh hour,
When, tir'd with buſineſs, ſurly landlords low'r,
And drowſy waiters, wanting needful reſt,
With half-ſhut optics, damn each drunken gueſt,
For THEE he watches, gives and takes the toaſt,
Moſt happy then, when he can ſwill the moſt.
Full of thy charms, he riſks without a dread
The ſickning vomit, and the aching head,
Hazards the conſequence of ſitting late,
And all the ills that bumpers can create.

Surcharg'd

Surcharg'd with wine, he quits the feſtive board,
And lifts aloft his formidable ſword,
Then ſallies outward, reſolute of ſoul,
Nor heeds the watchman, or the watchman's pole,
Stalks boldly on, nor knows a ſingle fright
From hair-breadth 'ſcapes, & dangers of the night;
So daring at the laſt, he ventures nigh
A Round-houſe—when the Conſtable's not by.

Hail WOMAN! THOU! who, like the orb of day,
Canſt pierce the gloom, and make a dungeon gay,
Solac'd by whom, captivity can bear
The ſcourge of fate, nor once let fall a tear:
Barr'd of whoſe ſocial, neceſſary aid,
Ambition's mis'ry, grandeur mere parade.
In vain may Glory wave her enſign high,
With ſplendid objects charm the ſwimming eye,
Flood the rich proſpect with her dazzling rays
In vain, if WOMAN doth not bound the blaze.

Lo! the poor lab'rer in his humble ſhed,
Water his wine—his feaſt a cruſt of bread.
Proof 'gainſt the raging element of air,
His hardy boſom, like a rock, ſtands bare.
Blithe to his work, he ſtrides along the plain,
Nor heat, nor cold, nor cataracts of rain,
Nor vapours, ſteaming all their aguiſh force,
Can damp his ſpirits, or retard his courſe.
Homeward (his taſk foredone) with anxious pace
He turns his honeſt, weather-beaten face:
And ſhould his provident, his faithful bride,
By heav'n-ſent aid the ſudden meal provide,
He feels that genial, inexpreſſive glow
Which grateful, none but grateful breaſts can know.
He weeps, and weeping with a thankful mind,
Rxalts the dignity of human kind.
Surveying then his children and his wife,
Partakes the pureſt, deareſt joys of life

Worth

Worth living for, and on his partner's breaſt
Fondly reclines, careſſing and careſt.
SHE, when the dæmon of diſtreſs is near,
Allays his grief, and ſtops the haſty tear,
WhilſtLove's bright ſun, in bleak misfortune's ſtorm,
Darts through the chinky roof, and keeps their
cottage warm.

Behold the MONARCH! whoſe commanding nod
May claim the homage of a demi-god,
When patriot love burns ſtrongly in his breaſt,
Bleſt only when he makes his people bleſt,
Should faction riſe, and wilfully prevent
The grand atchievement of his fair intent,
Pour o'er his mind ſuch deluges of care,
As are too great for royal heads to bear,
Where ſhall he fly? from pain where find a ſkreen?
Ah! where—but in the boſom of his QUEEN.

Heav'n

Heav'n in HER eye, SHE ſtands with ready aid
To heal the wound Sedition's dart hath made,
And, worthy of a more than earthly crown,
His virtue preps with virtue of her own.

Ye BRITISH FAIR! whene'er you deign to wed,
Learn an example from the ROYAL BED.
Sure may THEIR love, THEIR friendſhip ſure remain,
Sure as the Bow that gilds th' ethereal plain.
Learn thence—ſo HYMEN all your paths adorn
With laſting flow'rs, ſweet flow'rs without a thorn!
So may his radiant torch, day after day,
Altho' it waſte, burn brighter by decay!
Late may the roſes of his chaplet fade,
And late retain their equal light and ſhade!
Long may his mantle glitter on the view,
Long flow with grace, nor change its purple hue!

THIRD

THIRD PART.

WHAT motive, JUVENAL! could thy ſoul induce
To load the SEX with virulent abuſe,
The whole without diſtinction to purſue,
And give to all the vices of a few!
Exempting this, how large had been thy praiſe!
But this baſe act hath wither'd half thy bays.
For though thy lines true ſterling wit impart,
We plaud the head, whilſt we condemn the heart.

If thou wouldſt flouriſh in eternal youth,
Bow down, oh Genius! to the ſhrine of Truth.
The richeſt picture fancy ever drew,
How bright ſoe'er the colours catch the view,
To Judgment's eye in value muſt decline,
If truth not finiſhes the bold deſign.
So Juſtice weighs it in her even ſcale,
That ſcale, where falſehood never could prevail.

To

To ſhew that WOMAN in the beſt of deeds
Rivals proud MAN at leaſt, if not exceeds,
That THEY, when no male tyranny controuls,
Have equal parts, and more than equal ſouls,
Need I unlock the manſions of the dead,
Or through the ſtorehouſe of the living tread?
Do not the writings ſacred and profane
Theſe glaring proofs beyond a doubt contain?

To ſhew that MAN (however great of thought
In his own ſenſe, with ſenſe however fraught,
Creation's fancied Lord!) is but at beſt
A WOMAN's play-thing, and a WOMAN's jeſt,
Amongſt the choice preſented to my eyes,
Let this one inſtance (though 'tis old) ſuffice.

'Twas at the royal feaſt DARIUS gave,
The great DARIUS, the renown'd, the brave,
Amidſt his ſubjects in exalted ſtate,
Pre-eminent, the Perſian monarch ſat;

Silence

Silence commanded—thus he ſpoke aloud,
And fix'd th' attention of the ſplendid crowd.
'Who can reſolve this weighty queſtion beſt,
'WHAT IS THE STRONGEST—him will I inveſt
'With ampleſt honours; with diſtinguiſh'd grace,
'A purple raiment ſhall his body caſe,
'Sweet ſhall he ſlumber on a golden bed,
'And fineſt Linen wreathe his honour'd head;
'A goblet charg'd with Nectar ſhall he hold,
'And keep that goblet, made of ſolid gold:
'In ſtronger token of our love, his neck
'A golden chain of ornament ſhall deck;
'Greateſt ſhall he be counted 'mongſt the great,
'And next our perſon take his kindred ſeat.
'Hear this, ye Perſian princes! with applauſe;
'Ourſelf and you will jointly judge the cauſe.'

The firſt (the choiceſt ſpirit of thoſe days,
Some one, like RIGBY now, or whom you pleaſe)

For Wine declar'd, and as he deign'd to ſpeak,
The grape bluſh'd purple on his ſtudded cheek.
'What cannot Wine?—The wreſtler it can throw,
'Raiſe the dwarf high, and lay the giant low,
'Make the brave cowards, and the cowards brave,
'And dart a ray of freedom o'er the ſlave.
'Behold him there—Mark! how he drains the bowl,
'The bowl too narrow for his roomy ſoul;
'And as the ſtream runs rapid through his veins,
'He ſings, and jumps, and dances in his chains;
'In that one happy moment, happier far
'Than all the gang of tyrant maſters are.
'What cannot wine?—To ſickneſs it gives health,
'To health gives ſickneſs, to the needy wealth,
'To wealth afflicting want, to mirth deſpair,
'And ſmooth-eyed jollity to wrinkl'd care;
'To narrow minds a more capacious ſcope,
'Clearneſs to doubt, and certainty to hope;

'Curſes

'Curſes and bleſſings in its turn beſtows,
'Parts the beſt friends, and joins the deadlieſt foes;
'Tumbles, from all his ſtate, the monarch down,
'And lifts th' aſpiring peaſant to a crown.
'Tis this can dwindle orators to mutes,
'(Then diff'ring only in their ſhape from brutes)
'Unlock the tongue of ſilence, and the phraſe
'Of eloquence, apply'd a thouſand ways,
'Burſts on the ſtartl'd ear, whilſt all admire
'The ſudden blaze of its eccentric fire;
'Turn pain to pleaſure, pleaſure into pain,
'Make young men old, and old men young again,
'See! from a ſkeleton but one remove,
'The wither'd miſer tott'ring to his love!
'Cheer'd by this juice, he feels his thick, dull blood,
'That, like a curdl'd pool, for years had ſtood,
'Begin to flow—away the dotard hies,
'(Sight's waſted lamp juſt glimm'ring in his eyes)

'And to her hand that purſe he opens wide,
'That purſe ſhut up to all the world beſide.
'Theſe, Wine! are thy effects—then ſtrongeſt thou,
'And who theſe arguments can diſavow?'

Here paus'd the youth:—then up the ſecond roſe,
Prepar'd this doughty champion to oppoſe.
He roſe, like ſome mean ſycophant of ſtate,
No matter or of paſt, or preſent date:
His theme was MAJESTY—he thought that theme
Would roll him foremoſt on the liſt of fame.

'Short are the joys of Wine, and flee away,
'Like ſhadows, ne'er continuing in one ſtay;
'But with the King ſtability reſides,
'And round him Pleaſure pours her boundleſs tides:
'For him doth Labour ev'ry ſinew ſtrain,
'And combat each viciſſitude of pain,
'For him the mountains holy myrrh diſpenſe,
'And ſpicy hills their pleaſant frankincenſe,

'Each ſhrub drops balm, each bloſſom breathes perfume,
'The fig-trees ripen, and the vineyards bloom,
'And ev'ry corner of the cultur'd earth
'To him pays tribute, portion'd to its worth:
'Obedient nations liſten to his call:
'He, though but one, connects and governs all.
'His word is law, his inſtantaneous breath,
'Life's ſweet commiſſion, or the bolt of death.
'When he commands his armies to the foe,
'Forth to the fight in dreadful pomp they go;
'As he directs (ſo final is his will)
'To ſpare, they ſpare; and if to kill, they kill:
'Their daring ſouls no dangers can diſmay,
'Nor rocks, nor rivers, bar their eager way:
'Cleav'd by their ſtrength, the ſtrong-bas'd mountains quake,
'Huge walls are ſunder'd, mighty bulwarks ſhake;

'And,

'And, Earth! the fruits committed to thy truſt,
'Where'er they paſs, they trample into duſt;
'The peaſant's poor inheritance invade,
'And leave the havock'd wood without a ſhade;
'Whilſt, deſolation raging far and wide,
'The town, the village, flames on ev'ry ſide.
'This can the King—whilſt on the wrecks of time,
'By ruin dignify'd, he ſtands ſublime.
'His is the conqueſt, his the treaſur'd ſpoil,
'His all the pleaſure of the ſubjects toil;
'Nor till it pleaſes his ſo potent will,
'Can the loud-thund'ring voice of war be ſtill.'

Then ſlowly riſing with a graceful air,
Appear'd the blooming pleader for the FAIR.
Ere yet he enter'd on the grand diſpute,
Silent he ſtood—for rev'rence held him mute:
Then bowing round him with an eaſy grace,
The roſe of modeſty adorn'd his face.

Sweet

Sweet are the notes, ſoft-warbled o'er the plains
When Muſic's in good humour, when the ſtrains
In clear tranſitions lull th' enchanted ſenſe,
Nor one falſe-varied tone jars harſh offence;
But his melodious voice was ſweeter yet,
And his bright looks beſpoke th' applauſe he met.
Collected then, and ſtretching forth his hand,
Addreſs'd he thus the ruler of the land:

'Great is the ſtrength of Wine, & great the pow'r
'Lodg'd in a King—himſelf a laſting tow'r:
'But WOMAN, lovely WOMAN's greater ſtill,
'For Kings themſelves are vaſſals to HER will:
'So wide HER empire, in one ſingle day
'Its bounds the Sun himſelf can not ſurvey,
'For when he mounts the orient car of light,
'He leaves the weſtern world involv'd in night.
'Rough, rugged Man, created to ſurpaſs,
'Bright WOMAN ſoothes the rudeneſs of his maſs:

To

'To him the CHARMER comes not to devour,
'In all the fierce hoſtility of pow'r,
'No rude, no fatal weapon doth SHE bear,
'No force to humble, and no frown to ſcare:
'Ah! no—in all the luſtre of the morn
'SHE comes his gloomy manſion to adorn,
'Comes in the robes of dignity and love,
'As meek, and harmleſs, as the peaceful dove.
'Abaſh'd SHE looks, SHE trembles, we obey,
'And ground our arms, nor dare begin the fray.
'Are not the race of mortals born of her?
'Who then ſo raſh, but WOMAN muſt prefer!
'Doth SHE not all of us in ſorrow bear,
'Bring forth in agony, in weakneſs rear,
'Our helpleſs infancy to manhood breed,
'Clothe us with ſtrength, & with *her* ſubſtance feed?
'Each mutual link that holds the ſocial chain
'Tis SHE connects, and labours to ſuſtain.

'Where,

'Where, without HER, would be the tender tie,
'The tear, that ruſhes into Friendſhip's eye?
'Ah! where thoſe heart-felt relatives deſcend,
'Thoſe ſweet ſenſations which on HER depend?
'Where brother, ſiſter? Son, or daughter, where?
'Thoſe deareſt objects that engroſs our care!
'All gone—all loſt—and on his ſhadowy throne
'In penſive ſtate the King might ſit alone.

'For HER deſcend we not the golden mine,
'And the pure metal from the droſs refine?
'For HER through life without ceſſation toil,
'Forſake our friends, and leave our native ſoil?
'Let Man attain the ſummit of his pride,
'Still without HER he can't reſt ſatisfy'd.

'Look at the King—behold APAME there,
'And ſtand convicted by that royal pair.
'See! from his head ſhe takes the dazzling crown,
'And twirls it round, and ſets it on her own.

'Emboldened now she strikes him with her hand,
'The stroke, tho' rude, what mortal can withstand!
'DARIUS cannot—HE, whose mighty sway
'More than a hundred provinces obey,
'Cannot withstand it—HE, this earthly god,
'See there! lets fall the sceptre at her nod:
'The victor's vanquish'd—Doth she condescend
'To smile, he smiles—doth she affect to bend
'Her haughty brow, the royal captive sighs,
'And the soul's anguish mounts into his eyes.
'Now judge, if WOMAN is not stronger far
'Than Wine, ye Princes, or than Monarchs are.'

He ceas'd—the roofs resounded with applause,
And WOMAN, charming WOMAN, won the cause.

ODE
TO
MEMORY.

GODDESS! o'er me diffuse thy influence;
The world their merit owe to thee,
Their brilliant wit, their solid sense,
Thou Parent of Ability!
Or shall I say, to dare the Critic's blame,
Ability, and thou, Oh Memory, are the same!

Whence in the Senate doth a Tully shine!
Whence—but from thy inspiring ray!
With gems collected from thy Mine,
Where long in dark repose they lay,
Himself he decks, and, with thy borrow'd light,
Transforms to lively day th' unmeaning blank of night.

In vain may Science with her pupil ſtray
Thro' ev'ry path in Learning's land;
Science may teach him to ſurvey,
'Tis thine to make him underſtand,
To ſtamp each image on his infant mind,
And poliſh fair the draught his fancy had deſign'd.

Bright emanation of the Solar vaſt!
'Tis thine to range in order due
The phalanx of ideas paſt,
Fit to encounter, and ſubdue,
And into preſent act—then wanted moſt,
Bring out in cloſe array the formidable hoſt.

Depriv'd of thee, how uſeleſs are the ſchools!
Thou active ſource of all that's great!
'Reft of thy aid, the wiſe are fools,
For Logic cools without thy heat;
But glowing by thy flame in depth of thought,
She feels her mind expand, and finds the truth
ſhe ſought.

Ah!

Ah! what was *Swift*!—heroic *Marlborough*, what!
When, Memory! thou withdrew thy light;
The god-like mind was all a blot,
And Nature fainted at the ſight.
Sad thought! to check the mad career of Pride,
From which the ſtartled muſe with ſorrow ſhrinks aſide.

But, Goddeſs! independent of the fame
That animates the Hero's ſoul,
That ſcreens from Death the Stateſman's name,
And ranks the Bard within thy roll,
In humbler ſuit I woo thee to be kind,
No idle vaunter I, of large, capacious mind.

Deſcend! and place before my Fancy's eye
The playthings of my boyiſh days;
(Tho' thoſe ſometimes have coſt a ſigh,)
My little works, my little plays;
When freed at even from my maſter's chain,
With mirth, and with my mates, I revell'd o'er the plain.

Bring

Bring each delightful, each enchanting ſcene,
To raiſe my ardent wiſhes high,
All that thy careful hand can glean,
And wing my Spirit to the ſky;
Gay Rapture's long loſt images renew,
And hold the landſcape full—yet fuller to my view!

But in the back-ground ſhould'ſt thou place a train
Of forms ill-featur'd—even *one*,
One o'er the whole will caſt a ſtain,
Where moſt I wiſh to meet with none.
Oh! take the blemiſh'd Picture far away,
Leave me,—for ever leave,—or with good humour ſtay!

Leave me,—ah! no,—ſo ſoon we muſt not part;
That word alarms,—creates deſpair,
And plants a dagger in my heart,
To drink Life's ebbing current there!
Stay! for with thee, as Heav'n ordains below,
I'll quaff the bowl of joy, or drain the cup of woe!

A

JOCOSE ADDRESS

TO A

PAINTER.

I.

BEGONE, you Cheat! nor think to deal
Your ſpurious works to after-ages:
The marrow of thoſe works you ſteal
From Poets, and Hiſtorians pages.

II.

And yet you thrive, and are careſs'd,
And daily delicates are carving,
Invited to each lordly feaſt,
Whilſt they, poor hungry ſouls! are ſtarving.

III.

Go! ſwagger with your princely purſe!
Rare emblem of the times we live in!
When honeſt folks are treated worſe
Than thoſe, who get their bread by thieving.

AN

AN

EPIGRAMMATIC.

I.

SAYS my Lord to his friend, "I have found you inclin'd
"Too good an opinion to form of mankind:
"In ſpite of the doctrines you've learn'd at the ſchools,

II.

"The one half are *Rogues*, and the other half, *Fools*."
Says the friend to his Lordſhip, "If *this* ſhould be true,

III.

"In which of the claſſes am I to rank *you*."

THE GAMING-TABLE:

AN EPISTLE TO THE *KNOWING ONES.*

MASTERS OF ARTS! on whom no muſe of taſte
One note of praiſe hath yet vouchſaf'd to waſte,
Whether entrench'd with cards you ſit till day,
And make a waiter's fortune by your play,
Or madly daring, or ſerenely nice,
At random whirl, or dribble out the dice,
To you I dedicate theſe humble lays,
Charm'd with the ſoftneſs of your winning ways.

There are who teach, (but teach they not amiſs!)
That moral goodneſs leads the way to bliſs;
That diſſipation of each various kind,
Unſtrings the body, and untunes the mind;
That Gaming chiefly ſtimulates to vice,
And ruin centres in the box and dice.
Mean idle doctrine! an attempt how vain,
Free will to vanquiſh, and free acts reſtrain!
Your active ſpirits mount with brighter rays,
And burn eccentric from the common blaze.
You ſpurn the maxims of the vulgar ſoul,
That ought not high-born Genius to controul.
Shall each Plebeian lead a wanton life,
Maintain a miſtreſs, and deſert his wife;
Each petty tradeſman diſſipate his time,
Get drunk, and deem Sobriety a crime?
Shall theſe indulge their wild licentious views,
In ſpite of reaſon, juſtice, and the muſe?

And

And ſhall the man of lineage be debar'd
His fav'rite with, a ſtrumpet, or a card?
If ſo, my *Craſus*, what avails thy worth,
And what thy boaſted privilege of birth!

But hark! the box and rattling bones* I hear,
That throw has loſt the income of a year:
Prudence exclaims—What madneſs of the brain!
Not ſo—*that* caſt hath won it back again.
In early days when Cozenage was in vogue,
Equal, the name of Gambler and of Rogue;
But ſince a taſte for Honeſty prevails,
And tails no more are heads, nor heads are tails,
Alike from cenſure and aſperſion free,
Each gentleman may play from —— to me.

What boots it that the ſtatute law ordains,
Preventive penalties, preventive pains;

* A term for Dice.

In ſpite of law your debts are always paid,
To debts of Honour what are debts of trade?
With lowly reverence, when tradeſmen ſue,
In time of need, for payment of their due,
Bid the pert varlets let your debts alone,
Troop off in dudgeon, and diſcharge their own.

Tho' Fame, for ever on the reſtleſs wing,
May waft her tale, and Satire ſhoot her ſting;
Cloath'd in Simplicity, you laugh to ſcorn
The ſhort-liv'd rumour of the tattling morn.
Let prowling wolves, and ſubtle foxes ſtrive,
By rapine thoſe, and theſe by fraud to thrive:
Your ſelves more innocent by half you keep,
And mix as harmleſs as a flock of ſheep.

On, gallant Sirs, and perſevere in play,
Nor heed at night the cenſures of the day!
Play only to the choiceſt ſpirits given,
Is an eighth Science that exceeds the ſeven!

In

In reas'ning far ſurpaſſes LOCKE's reach,
And baffles GRAMMAR in the parts of ſpeech;
Meaſures with more than GEOMETRIC pains,
The diſtant ſpaces of the human brains;
And tho' it gives not all an EUCLID's head,
Gives all an EUCLID's patience in its ſtead.
Match'd with the certain calculations here,
ASTRONOMY! how vague muſt thine appear!
And MUSIC! (may the Ghoſt of HANDEL reſt,
Nor riſe in wrath my quiet to moleſt,)
How unimpaſſion'd flows thy ſweeteſt ſtrain,
To the dice dancing on the wooden plain!
That plain for pleaſure, and for profit made.
The board of *play* is now a board of *trade*!

Here youth may learn what ſages taught of old,
That noble doctrine, the contempt of gold;
May here improve the rigid Stoic's plan,
And, reſolute of ſoul, be more than man;

With

With more than *Grecian* fortitude, may learn
To root out all that vulgar, low concern,
Which weak, unfashionable men, extend
To wife, to child, to parent, and to friend.

Here wary Prudence beams her watchful eye,
And equal Justice throws her even die;
With coolness Fortitude is amply flor'd,
And fair-fac'd Temperance rules the sober board.
These are the virtues, which employ'd an age,
To render fam'd each philosophic Sage:
But in this clime more rapidly they thrive,
And stamp their influence at twenty-five!

Nor are these all the benefits that grow,
For play, as well as peace, makes riches flow;
And, strange to mention! to the Senate gives,
What oft it wants—fit representatives.

Lawyers will tell you, and for once tell true,
From play what vast advantages accrue!

Hence

Hence can the Lord of unincumber'd land,
His purſe repleniſh, and a bank command!
He need not wait the ſlow-returning day,
The uſual feſtival, when tenants pay!
To raiſe his ſpirits, and ſupply his wants
With more diſpatch, *annuities* he grants!
And ſhould he then, when pungent thoughts invade,
Wiſh to annul the haſty *grants* he made,
By one bold act the Hero may ſucceed,
A piſtol, well apply'd, compleats the deed.

For ſake of argument—admit that play
May ſpoil a man of his eſtate to-day:
The ſame eſtate *to-morrow* may reſtore,
And to his manor give one manor more.
Stocks riſe and fall, the tide will ebb and flow,
And ſhifting winds from different quarters blow.
Since all things fluctuate, why ſhould loſs or gain
In one unvaried uniform remain!

By

By Envy's hateful censures, if the poring Muse
Her triflings ages hence aright peruse,
The times with scorn, which Oxford shall rejoice,
And Cambridge echo back her sister's voice,
In strains more sweet than e'er touch'd mortal ear,
To see this ample science cultur'd there,
Then shall commence the mad race of vice,
And love of virtue spring from love of dice,
Pupils with joy their knowing tutors meet,
And card-professors shuffle in the fleet!

Was such a College but erected now,
And were there gen'rous patrons to endow,
To guide and govern it with proper care,
For able heads we need not travel far.
Does not the *Sporting Calendar* afford
A list of names, distinguish'd on record?
There is the hollow, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
See the true scale of Honesty compleat.

Turn

Turn as it will the fortune of the day,
How happy thoſe to win—from thoſe who pay!
Mark! by what wond'rous means their treaſure grows,
From wond'rous means as upſtart *Nabobs* roſe.
How *Cheats*, and *Nobles*, are united here;
And all that ſinks the Jockey, lifts the Peer!

Where the fleet racer on Newmarket's courſe,
At every wiſh'd-for ſtroke with double force
Pours eager on, and ſtrains his mighty ſoul;
His eye-balls burſting for the deſtin'd goal,
Flies, tho' unwing'd, and with his ears reclin'd,
In foamy rapture leaves the lagging wind:
Behold the Peer (ſuppoſe it ——, or whom
Your fancy wills) apparel'd like a groom!
What contraſt can provoke a finer ſneer!
What—why a groom apparel'd like a peer.

In ancient times, what honeſt man would dare
To riſque his credit by his preſence there!
Then was the day, when fraud could riſe no higher,
The ſire the ſon, the ſon would cheat the ſire.
Nor wonder was it, when the vulgar crew
Follow'd the line that high example drew,
And in the front of broad and blushing day,
Right Honourable poſt-boys led the way.
But oh! how chang'd that neſt of knaves and fools!
The latter work'd with, as the former's tools.
Since REFORMATION has begun her race,
And, unexpected, reach'd this motley place,
In thought, I ſee the Gameſter's Temple riſe—
Pantheon-like,—ev'n [illegible]ATT to ſurprize,
Adorn'd with ample [illegible]es to contain
The [illegible] forms, as guardians of the fane.
Indebted largely [illegible] Sculptor's hand,
In groomy trim th[illegible]nowing figures ſtand,

Stand to convey to time's remoteſt date,
What parts made up—a Miniſter of State.

Come then, my friends! inſtruct a *country putt*,
O maſters of the ſhuffle and the cut!
And, while the game now falls, and riſes now,
As chance directs it, or as you know how,
Teach me, like you, the various packs to uſe,
To win with dignity, with temper loſe;
Nurs'd by your rules, and artificial care,
At cards, or *bones*, to pluck the pigeons bare;
Graceful to deal, ſerene the wink to tip,
Intent to cog, and elegant to ſlip.

Oh! while at *whiſt* for ſums immenſe you play,
And ſweep, or aim to ſweep the caſh away,
Say! to your partner ſhall I ſlyly dare
To give the ſignal from behind your chair!
When ſhallow dupes to death ſhall bow the knee,
Whoſe ſons ſhall mourn their fathers play'd with me,

Shall then this lay to future age present;
Each of you prov'd my master and my friend!
That taught by you, I learn'd the art of play,
Play that is work, but not the work of day;
Learn'd every sleight beyond a jugler's reach,
Beyond what BRESLAW's mighty SELF can teach;
The odds to lay, the deep ones how to foil,
And all the beauties of GREAT EDMUND HOYLE:
That drinking water suits the Gamester's aim;
That vice and virtue differ but in name;
That money only gives respect below;
And all our knowledge is—THE DOVES TO KNOW.

THE CONSULTATION; OR, CITY LUXURY.

I dream'd a dream laſt night—but who'll regard
The fairy viſion of a dreaming Bard!
Yet if the dream reform not thoſe who wake,
Excuſe ſhould follow for the moral's ſake;
And if it does, this inference is plain,
They have not wak'd, nor I have ſlept in vain.

His temporary Lordſhip, London's mayor,
One afternoon was dozing in his chair,
When on a ſudden open flew the door,
Juſt as the magiſtrate began to ſnore.

Who

Who should they be!—a shoal of men respected,
From the Fishmongers Company selected.
A Turbot of enormous size they bore,
Such as ne'er met the human eye before,
So large, that even when a man stood near,
Each fin might well be taken for a spear.
When thus the Spokesman (blowing first his nose)
For pompous rhyme deserted humble prose:

"Accept, my Lord—'tis no *small* compliment—
"This Turbot, which the Company have sent.
"'Tis not in private kitchens to afford
"Room to prepare it for the genial board.
"No common kettle, nor a common dish,
"Can fitly boil, or safely hold the fish.
"Let venison now, delicious tho' the meat,
"Give way to this, a far more noble treat.
"Free, 'till some future London Tavern club,
"Let the huge turtle flounce within the tub;

"There

" There let him feaſt, 'till you pronounce him dead,
" On bits of cabbage, and on crumbs of bread.
" Here turn your eyes on what the ocean brings,
" A preſent fit for kings, and ſons of kings.
" Unload your ſtomach with emetic wine,
" And purge the very day before you dine."

He ceas'd--hisLordſhip thank'd--they went away,
But not 'till drunk—the *finis* of the day.

All night his Lordſhip ſorely was diſtreſt,
In thinking and in acting for the beſt,
How to provide a kettle and a diſh
Fitly to boil, and ſafely hold the fiſh.
Ideas on ideas throng'd ſo faſt,
The laſt uſurp'd the firſt, the firſt the laſt;
Like as when puzzl'd Counſellors we ſee,
Where plaintiff and defendant can't agree,
And each, by turns, preſents an *equal* fee.

At

At length, not trusting to himself alone,
Lest he might abdicate the City throne,
He wisely summon'd, to preserve his state,
The Court of Aldermen to sage debate.
They came in form, obedient to the call,
In dullness and in business, form is all.
Genius look'd on, nor could forbear a smile,
For whilst Form gains a foot, he gains a mile.

"What news, my Lord?—dispatches from the fleet?
"Has BYRON conquer'd? or is HARDY beat?
"Have French invasions spread their dire alarms,
"And each militia corps thrown down their arms?
"Can we advise you in a cause so great?
"We fear there's something rotten in the State."

Oh! no—a thing of much more consequence,
Demands the aid of your superior sense.

See there—and pointing with an urban [illegible]
Explain'd the cruel grievance of the caſe:
What's to be done, my friends, our ends to gain?
Say! ſhall we cut the glorious prize in twain?

Far, far be ſuch a thought! *Sir Gutlle* cry'd,
As the rich treaſure of the deep he ey'd:
But tho' he made objections—by the bye,
Like modern patriots, gave no reaſon why.
'Twas all a puzzle ev'ry mind within,
One ſtrok'd his paunch, and one his double chin.
At length a Seer, more knowing than the reſt,
With ample periwig, ſuperbly dreſt,
Uproſe auguſt, to eating early train'd,
None in that ſcience equal ſkill attain'd.
"I have't—it is engender'd."—Ev'ry face
Now bright'n'd up, and dimpl'd into grace.

Since no machine, that's extant, can contain
This monſtrous wonder of the watry plain,

Let orders issue without pause or end,
Swift to the pewterer, and brazier too,
The one to make the kettle, one the dish,
And each be larger than so large a fish.
This council pleas'd, and all with silent awe,
Licking their lips, respectfully withdraw.
But, oh! how oft are baffl'd vast designs,
Just as the scale of mighty fate inclines!
Whilst ev'ry heart with extacy was drunk,
Before the job was done, the turbot sunk.
A general mourning now at once took place,
And silent sorrow lengthen'd ev'ry face:
All wept, to think their elegant repast
And wish'd-for *feast* concluded in a *fast*.

PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

IN ſpite of Subtlety, in ſpite of Wit,
That faith I hold, which I will never quit,
Never, whilſt Life, and Gratitude remain,
Impair'd by ſickneſs, or oppreſt with pain.
With ſounding words let Sophiſts ſtrike me mute,
Me they may ſilence, but can not confute.
Their taunts, O PROVIDENCE! I'll learn to bear,
And own thy preſent, thy peculiar care.

Thou from the first hast cheer'd me on my way,
Thy night hast watch'd me, watch'd me through the day,
My cradled infancy, my childish state,
My giddy youth, and manhood more sedate.
Tho' mine to thank thee, still 'tis mine to crave
Thine aid on earth, thy love beyond the grave,
To beg protection with a heart sincere,
When woes are distant, or when woes are near;
Heedless of all, who call me wrong in this,
I think it duty, and I feel it bliss.

To this belief, distinct from Reason's aid,
Some certain proofs intuitive persuade:
And e'en that little Reason I enjoy,
Confirms the thought which Sceptics would destroy:
Take this away, what anguish would ensue!
Adieu to comfort, and to hope adieu!

In

In vain the wretch, the man of ſorrow tries
His tears to check, or mitigate his ſighs.
Through Hope's clear teleſcope from day to day
Soft, ſoothing ſcenes no more can he ſurvey.
Hope has no joys for him. Yon glorious light,
That pours the whole Creation on the ſight,
Pours all that charms, and all that can ſurprize,
Ideas ſtrength'ning, as Ideas riſe,
In vain to him extends its vital ſtream;
Nor dawns one ſingle pleaſureable beam;
All, all is dark, with ſullen cloud oppreſt,
Dark, as the manſion of his gloomy breaſt;
Irkſome to him the vernal months appear;
With him 'tis dull November through the year:
Hence deep diſtruſt, that doubts celeſtial care,
Diſtruſt, that terminates in black deſpair;
Deſpair, that hurries to unmanly deeds;
And, horrid purpoſe! Suicide ſucceeds.

Why

[illegible] we pray, if we can prefuppofe,
That God [illegible] will aſſuage our woes?
Tortur'ing agues [illegible] man's feeble frame,
Or raging fevers ſpread their fatal flame;
To heav'n directs he not his earneſt eye,
Th' [illegible] the fervent ſigh?
Nature's voice [illegible] To Pagan climes repair,
O ſon of doubt! and thou wilt hear it there;
There, where the Chriſtian hath not taught to pray,
Nor heav'nly Truth diffus'd her gladd'ning ray;
Th' unlearn'd Native in his painful hour,
Looks to ſome great, ſome interpoſing pow'r;
And fondly thinks THAT mighty Pow'r will ſave,
Or make his paſſage eaſy to the grave;
And Nature's dictates rather than diſown,
Kneels to a Stock, or humbles to a Stone.

But

But some there are, whom ſcruples moſt perplex,
As God foreſees our wants, we need not pray;
That, as he ſees, he will thoſe wants relieve,
Nor e'er the leaſt petition will receive.
Thou wrangling Soph! I care not who thou art,
Deſcend into thyſelf, and aſk thine heart;
There Truth en-ſeated, ambuſh'd from the eye,
Leaps to thy tongue, and flutters at the lie.
Say! haſt thou never an acquaintance known,
Whoſe wants were hid from all but thee alone?
E'er yet thy lenient hand, ſtretch'd out to cheer,
Warm'd his chill'd heart, & caught the falling tear;
Haſt thou not once thy ſervices with-held
With ſenſe of thy ſuperior pow'r impell'd!
Haſt thou not waited for his mild requeſt,
And thought it duty, or reſpect at leaſt!
Shalt thou then claim a right, and yet deny
That right, thou ſelf-important, to the HIGH!

Still

Still ſome perſiſt, that vain is human pray'r,
Mere breath, that mingles with the common air:
Indeed!—have then the Scriptures taught me wrong!
And is Religion but an idle Song;
From age to age deliver'd down in vain,
The wild effuſion of as wild a brain!
Or hath my thinking faculty miſtook,
The ſcope, and ſtrict injunctions of *the Book!*
But if to no good purpoſe I've believ'd,
Tis ſweet to be agreeably deceiv'd:
Why wake me from my dream, thou worſt of foes!
My golden dream, and murder my repoſe,
Repoſe, that's innocent, that harms not thee,
But which refreſhes, and enlivens me.

Yet ſince 'twill pleaſe, ſuſpend we for a while
The Chriſtian doctrine, and the Chriſtian ſtile;

Appeal

Appeal to Nature, and to common Senſe,
And even baniſh lordly Reaſon thence.

Plac'd in the centre of the martial ſtrife,
Aſk the rude Soldier, WHO preſerv'd his life!
Why with the few, that he untouch'd remains,
And ſtands in ſafety on the bloody plains,
When death-fraught bullets round his temples fly,
And at his ſide he ſees his comrade die!

Aſk the wreck'd Sailor, whom the billows bore,
Bore on a ſhatter'd raft unto the ſhore;
Scap'd from the fury of the mountain wave,
Whoſe force the ſtrong-ribb'd Veſſel could not brave,
WHO ſteer'd him then! WHO gave him to engage
The Wind's contention, and the Ocean's rage!

Both will ſtand forth, and gratefully confeſs,
Th' ETERNAL ſaw, and pitied their diſtreſs.

These, these are Nature's feelings, free from Art,
Nor aught, but Death, can tear them from the heart.

Hence with those systems, that mislead our youth,
And, seeming true, possess no ray of Truth;
The pride of pedants, the disgrace of schools,
Spurn'd by the wise, and idoliz'd by fools!
Ye book-learn'd Students! from the World recluse,
Who treat abstrusely ev'ry point abstruse;
Who much of time, and useless thought expend,
To find out, what you ne'er can comprehend;
As well as you, the right from wrong I know,
Nor want Philosophy to tell me so.
Fresh from that fount, which Nature was so kind,
In genial streams to pour athwart my mind,
And sacred springs, I draw my moral store,
What can your grave Professors teach me more!

Yes,

Yet, they may teach me, if I want to learn,
Matters of moment, and profound concern;
That when I ſee, I then retain my ſight;
My right hand's not my left, nor left my right:
Or teach me, with pre-eminence of brain,
There's no ſuch thing as pleaſure, or as pain:
But when (as keen ſenſation counteracts,
And Reaſon urges the repugnant facts)
I writhe with anguiſh, or with rapture ſmile,
I ſpurn the precept, and detect the guile:
To Nature, Truth, and ſacred helps repair,
And leave the Caſuiſt to his cap and chair.

From the Ship's bottom when the Plankings break,
The rock's cloſe fragment often ſtops the leak.
Some call it luck, and others fortune call,
But know 'tis Providence. The Lord of all

Works in the deep unſeen, and gives the rock
Alike to reſcue, and alike to ſhock,
Force to the wind, and terror to the wave,
The ſtorm to bury, and the calm to ſave.
Nor think in this, the GREAT ETERNAL CAUSE
Infringes one of his eternal laws.

But ſome will aſk, why Providence decrees
To live thoſe veſſels, and to periſh theſe:
Theſe, which experience warranted ſecure,
Thoſe, which ſhe would not for an hour inſure.
As well inquire, why Vice commands ſucceſs,
In ſplendor, foul,—deform'd in beauty's dreſs;
Whilſt Virtue calmly ev'ry wrong ſuſtains,
Great in diſtreſs, and graceful, tho' in chains.
As well, to him of more than ſhallow head,
As well, to him who will not work for bread,
Her ample ſweets why fortune deigns to ſend,
Whilſt Induſtry and Talents want a friend.

Folly

Folly may aſk, what Wiſdom cannot ſcan,
And Children cramp the tow'ring Wit of Man.

Man knows not half himſelf, yet will preſume,
(Upheld by Vanity's uncertain plume)
To ſoar beyond his limited domain,
But wanting ſtrength, he drops to earth again.
Thou ſelf-conceited, anxious Being! ceaſe!
And quell the doubt that elſe will quell thy peace.
Vain are thy weak endeavours to reveal,
What heav'n conceal'd, and ever will conceal.
Think'ſt thou the ruling Godhead to explore,
On waxen wings ethereal flights to ſoar!
Firſt bid the fabled Ruler of the Sea,
Heave up his Waves, and quench the Orb of day,
All ſyſtems change, obedient to thy Will,
The Sun to travel, and the Earth ſtand ſtill:
Or ſtrain thine utmoſt, feeble in thy might,
By cruſhing ſpace to make the Poles unite.

A bounded point there is, beyond whose reach
Her eye dim-sighted Reason cannot stretch,
But shall this vaunting Reason thence pretend,
Just at that point, that all belief must end!
So where the mountain terminates the scene,
Whose side against th' Horizon seems to lean,
Children and fools, to future objects blind,
Conclude no mountain rears its head behind.

Behold the parent but on earthly ground,
Whose knees his eager offspring cling around:
Each thinks (and where's the harm if each should
err!)
Th' endearing smile is meant for him, or her;
He cares for all, yet sometimes will bestow,
On one a favour, which the rest not know;
And often (tho' entreated) will deny,
Nor they can guess the partial reason why.

Much

Much more our heav'nly parent condescends,
To man: in gen'ral larger love extends,
And looking down from his illustrious throne,
Smiles on particulars for ends unknown
Not always grants he the sincerest pray'r,
To search the motive, who so rash to dare!
Immensely good, beyond conception wise,
Frequent he sends his blessings in disguise.
In life those accidents we deem a curse,
He gives in order to prevent the worse.
And, so mysterious his decrees extend,
Apparent ills prove blessings in the end.

Wishes obtain'd oft close in discontent,
And full possession brings full punishment.
By all belov'd, how blest *Horatio*'s fate!
In all things happy, but a large Estate!
For this he sigh'd to raise his drooping friends,
And lo! the wish'd, the large Estate descends.

Chang'd in his fortune, but more chang'd the man,
Behold him now, and envy, if you can:
Unbridl'd thoughts distort his yielding mind,
To Vice as watchful, as to Virtue blind:
He shares the woes, in common with the great;
His Tenants plague him, or his Stewards cheat:
Tyrant to all, he thwarts each nobler end,
And meets a foe, where he might meet a friend!
Reverse of what he was, beset with care,
He feels Prosperity too much to bear:
Feels more remorse, more pangs than words can tell,
And that his fancied Paradise is Hell.

Rest, mortals, rest! forbear the fruitless strife,
And tread with humble steps the vale of life.
By night be grateful, grateful through the day,
Submit and learn, your duty is to pray.
Thou God ador'd! who often work'st thy ends
By second means, which Man not comprehends,

O let me thank thee for each favour paſt!
Nor doubt thy goodneſs, if deny'd the laſt,
But with devotion's equal ſpirit warm,
Praiſe thee in ſun-ſhine, praiſe thee in the ſtorm.
When ills invade, O! grant me grace divine,
Strength to ſupport, or patience to reſign;
Faith on thy Mercies firmly to rely,
Meekneſs to live, and fortitude to die.
To thee all Nations lift their ardent voice,
In thee all Nations ever muſt rejoice.
But chiefly thoſe, where Goſpel Truths prevail,
Thy ſaving help in ſongs of Triumph hail.
And hark! ſweet Echo from the Savage ſhore,
Unbleſt, or undebauch'd with Learning's ſtore;
Where ſimple Nature un-enlighten'd reigns,
Pours on my ear the full accordant ſtrains.
With rapture I the gen'ral Chorus join,
With rapture own thy Providence benign,

And whilſt the Chorus I conſpire to fill,
Confeſſing free thy UNIVERSAL Will;
Thy love PARTICULAR to favour'd Man,
I can't deny, and pity thoſe who can.

THE UNKNOWN WORLD.

BY A FRIEND.

HARK! my gay Friend! that ſolemn Toll
Speaks the departure of a Soul.
'Tis gone—that's all we know—not where,
Nor, how th' unbody'd Soul may fare.
In that myſterious World, none knows,
But God alone, to whom it goes,
To whom departed Souls return,
To take their doom, to ſmile, or mourn.
Oh! by what glim'ring light we view,
That unknown World we're haſt'ning to!
God has lock'd up the myſtic page,
And curtain'd darkneſs round the ſtage.

Wife Heav'n, to render ſearch perplex'd,
Has drawn, 'twixt this world and the next,
A dark, impenetrable ſcreen,
All behind which, is yet unſeen.
We talk of Heaven, we talk of Hell;
But what they mean, no tongue can tell.
Heav'n is the realm where Angels are,
And Hell, the Chaos of Deſpair:
But what theſe aweful words imply,
None of us know, before we die:
Whether we will, or no, we muſt,
Take the ſucceeding world on truſt.
This Hour, perhaps, our Friend is well,
The next we hear his Paſſing-bell:
He dies—and then, for ought we ſee,
Ceaſes at once, to breathe, or be,
Thus launch'd from Life's ambiguous Shore,
Ingulph'd in Death, appears no more:

Then,

Then, undirected, to repair
To diſtant Worlds, we know not where;
Swift flies the Soul—perhaps 'tis gone
Ten thouſand leagues beyond the ſun,
Or thrice ten thouſands more, twice told,
E'er the forſaken Clay is cold:
And yet, who knows, if Friends we lov'd,
May be, from us, ſo far remov'd!
Only this veil of Fleſh between,
Perhaps, they watch us, tho' unſeen.
Whilſt we, their loſs lamenting, ſay,
"They're out of hearing, far away;"
Guardians to us, perhaps they're near,
Conceal'd in vehicles of air.
And yet no notices they give,
Nor tell us where, or how they live;
Tho' conſcious, while with us below,
How much themſelves deſir'd to know.

Bound up by solemn Fate,
To keep this secret of their state,
To tell their joys, or griefs, to none,
That Man might live by FAITH alone.
Well, let my Sov'reign if he please,
Lock up his marvellous decrees;
Why should I wish him to reveal,
What he thinks proper to conceal!
It is enough that I believe,
Heav'n's brighter far than we conceive;
And they who make it all their care,
To serve GOD here, shall see him there!
But oh! what worlds shall I survey,
The moment that I leave this Clay!
How sudden the Surprize!—how new!
Let it, my GOD! be happy too.

CHURCH-LANGTON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The HISTORY of the RISE and PROGRESS of the CHARITABLE FOUNDATIONS at CHURCH-LANGTON, in LEICESTERSHIRE; together with the different DEEDS of TRUST of that ESTABLISHMENT by the Rev. Mr. HANBURY. 8vo. 6s. *London*: Printed for the Benefit of the CHARITY, and sold by *Dodsley*, *Robertson*, and other Booksellers.

(From the MONTHLY REVIEW.)

WE have here a circumstantial, and not un-entertaining Account of perhaps one of the most extraordinary charitable Foundations that ever was thought of, or carried into Execution. Whether we consider the Nature of Mr. HANBURY's scheme, the benevolence of his views, the Opposition he met with, or the firmness of mind, with which he persever'd in the prosecution of his pious design, we see ample cause for Admiration and Astonishment. We need not enter into any particulars as to the laudable ends which he propos'd to accomplish, and has in a great degree accomplish'd,

[illegible] his Knowledge and Experience in horticulture in an especial manner, "to the glory of God and good of Mankind," for these particulars are already well known to the Public in general. Suffice it therefore that our Readers are hereby timely apprized of a Publication, from whence they will receive full Intelligence of all that has been done in pursuance of this celebrated [illegible] FOUNDATION of which, those who are Witnesses to it have beheld with SURPRIZE, the consequences Posterity may acknowledge with GRATITUDE.

MONTHLY REVIEW of 1767, Vol. 36, p. 482.

(Extract from the CRITICAL REVIEW.)

GENEROUS disinterested charity is so uncommon, that we cannot even censure those who suspect it to be a species of [illegible]. Mr. Hanbury's charity, the subject of the present performance, was originally of a very particular construction; because, though intended to make the receiver rich, it was not to make the donor poor; and was designed to answer all the ends of benevolence without any of the inconveniences attending, what we may call, mad good-nature.—Mr. Hanbury, when only twenty-six years of age, in 1725, followed the natural bent of his inclination in forming what seems to be a most amazing seminary of good works; for he planted an incredible number of trees of different sorts, and persevered under the most discouraging circumstances, in completing his plan.

It may, perhaps, be unnecessary to inform the reader, that this charitable institution, simple and natural as it appears upon paper, was attended with considerable expence and trouble, through the many disappointments Mr. Hanbury met with in the execution of his generous project, which at last proved successful.

CRITICAL REVIEW, 1767, Vol. 23, p. 419.

From

From ANECDOTES *of* BRITISH TOPOGRAPHY.

THE Rector of this Town with a firmneſs of mind equal to the benevolence of his heart, ſeems to have brought to the utmoſt degree of Maturity and Stability, human affairs are capable of, this ſingular Undertaking, of raiſing from a Plantation of all the various Trees, Plants, &c. the World produces, a yearly fund of near Ten Thouſand Pounds, ſufficient to relieve the diſtreſs'd, inſtruct the ignorant, aſſiſt the curious, adorn the pariſh, and benefit this and the neighbouring County of Rutland, as long as Integrity and Public Spirit ſubſiſt in Britain, or dare to defy ſingularity and cenſure. This generous deſign claims a place here on a double account. We Antiquarians have great obligations to this liberal founder, who has appropriated part of this fund to the Compiling and Publiſhing a Hiſtory of every County in England by a Profeſſor appointed on purpoſe. An Eſſay upon Planting and Gardening, printed at Oxford, 1758, was his firſt Publication. He propoſes ſpeedily to publiſh for the Benefit of this Charity, * A Complete body of Planting and Gardening in 2 Volumes Folio, Price Four Guineas. Plans for a Public Library and Garden at Church-Langton were publiſhed by the Rev. Mr. Hanbury, at Northampton, 1760, 8vo.

ANECDOTES *of* BRITISH TOPOGRAPHY, *is an Hiſtorical Account of what has been done for illuſtrating the Topographical Antiquities of Great* Britain *and* Ireland; PAYNE *and* BROWNE, 4to. 1768.

* This is ſince done, and may be had of E. and C. DILLY, in the Poultry.

CHURCH-LANGTON.

PART I.

FRIEND to thy flock, to all mankind a friend!
With thee begins my verſe, with thee ſhall end,
Benignant HANBURY! O! lend an ear,
Nor ſlight the Muſe, whoſe meaning is ſincere.
Accept her warm, beſt wiſhes to thy ſcheme,
Tho' poor her language, yet not poor her theme.
With willing hand my ready mite I throw,
Heav'n knows, a mite is all I can beſtow.
Take it—till more my ſubſtance can impart,
And with it take the *Widow*'s chearful heart.

While ſcience pours her intellectual ray,
And arts and artiſts make their rapid way;

Why

Why (too ſevere, too ſingular a lot!)
Should Planting, and the Planter be forgot!
Not uſeleſs HE, nor trifling is his name,
But worthy to adorn the roll of fame.
HE to the family of trees gives birth,
And calls forth beauties from the churliſh earth,
Churliſh at firſt, but in reward of toil,
Proves grateful to the PORT of the ſoil.
To him what joy, when to perfection grown,
To ſee a new Creation all his own!
To ſee how Culture with her careful hand
Improves, and beautifies the rudeſt land.

On yonder broad circumference of ground,
Where chilling clay diffus'd its damp around,
Within whoſe bounds no luring charm was ſeen,
No tree to ſhelter, and no buſh to ſcreen,
*The rich Plantation now ſalutes our eyes,
And waves its foliage of enchanting dies.

* Gumley Plantation.

Through theſe inviting walks how ſweet to rove!
Where ſhade to ſhade, and grove ſucceeds to grove,
Diſtinct, yet mixt, that at one view we ſee
Conſiſtence heighten'd by variety.
Theſe witching walks, ſequeſter'd from the throng,
And hum of men, how ſweet to muſe along!
Where Peace reſides, where *Silence* loves to dwell,
Unmov'd, ſave now and then the vocal ſhell
Of tuneful birds awakes the *Sylvan Maid*,
Couch'd at her eaſe in ſome compoſing ſhade.
The *Sylvan Maid* with rapture turns around
The notes to hear, and ſeems to *ſee* the ſound;
Here Contemplation with her eagle-eye,
Looks up aloft, and darts into the ſky.
In groves the bards have ſnatch'd the nobleſt thought,
In groves recluſe Philoſophers have taught.
In groves did PLATO the divine delight,
And groves inſpir'd THUCIDIDES to write.*

Alike

* See Mr. Hanbury's Eſſay on Planting. Page 23.

Alike theſe ſcenes protect theſe humble lays,
Tho' the *mere* ſcholar may deny them praiſe.
Theſe pleaſing objects rivet my regard,
Spur fancy on, and make me half a bard;
Conſcious, that while I write in virtue's cauſe,
My heart is good, and there I *have* applauſe,
That ſure applauſe, that firm conſoling joy,
Which death alone, not ſickneſs can deſtroy;
And conſcious too, that theſe unequal rhymes,
(Altho' unequal) in ſucceeding times
Will live, if they have merit, and if not,
Die, as they ought, and dying, be forgot.

When Autumn dreſſes up the gorgeous year,
Here at ſome diſtant view what ſcenes appear!
Who can deſcribe the bliſs the ſenſe receives
From blended colours of the changing leaves!
Arduous the taſk, and all expreſſion faint,
What muſe can image 'em, what pencil paint!

To

To him, as perfect in a leaf, as man,
To whom all nature's breadth is but a ſpan,
The gracious, great OMNIPOTENT of heav'n,
For this, be praiſe aſcrib'd and thanks be giv'n.

Nor leſs attractive does the proſpect ſtand,
When bluſt'ring winter howls throughout the land,
Then to the valley's bottom I deſcend,
The air's vaſt concave hear the tempeſt rend,
(Myſelf embower'd below, ſerene, and warm
In cloſeſt ſhelter,) and defy the ſtorm,
Look up, and there my eye with wonder ſees,
Due-rang'd, a waving theatre of trees.
Oaks, Pines, and Cedars, rattle at the blaſt,
And ev'ry motion ſeems to be the laſt.
This, this is dignity. Blow on, ye winds!
Blow on! and rouſe our inattentive minds,
More than the calm ſoft-iſſuing from the ſky,
The roaring tempeſt lifts the ſoul on high.

Then,

Then, chiefly then long-ſlumbering man awakes,
In wider ſcopes his free excurſion takes,
Contemplates largely on his preſent ſtate,
And awe-confounded ruminates on fate.

How will the grateful world in future days
Have cauſe to wonder, but more cauſe to praiſe!
When in the Chronicle of facts they read,
This project flow'd not from an aged head.
No churchman dignified, no prelate high,
Propos'd the ſcheme, or aided its ſupply,
No heir of fortune, no diſtinguiſh'd man
Of rank or birth gave ſanction to the plan.
If diſſipation with all follies fraught,
Hath not extinguiſh'd ev'ry finer thought,
Start, grandeur! ſtart and bluſh! when thou art told
A truth the muſe with pleaſure muſt unfold,
A generous Rector, a mere plain Divine
Alone, unaided, form'd the vaſt deſign,

E'en

By slow degrees experience makes 'em sage,
But rarely does it, till the night of age.
Hence on their charitable walls we see,
In pompous vest their wrinkl'd effigy,
Or grave as owls, with antiquated coat,
A book in hand, and bearded like the goat,
As if enlarg'd beneficence of mind
Was merely to a length of years confin'd.
Yet here did youthful genius start aside,
Nor wanted dull experience for a guide;
Rare proof that genius of itself can climb
The steep of art without the help of time.

Spot

Spot the wide lawn, or make the park more gay
As art purſues, where nature leads the way,
Hide ev'ry object of offenſive mien,
And, wood-like, terminate the diſtant ſcene,
Yet ſo directed by the hand of art,
No ſign muſt hint, that ſhe ſuſtains a part;
For where her glaring dreſs creates ſurprize,
The native beauty of the other dies.

In that dead, torpid ſeaſon of the year,
When nature looks uncomfortably drear,
When verdure leaves the earth, when other trees
Stript of their ornaments no longer pleaſe,
How will the EVER-GREEN the eye delight,
And dawn forth ſpring perpetual on the ſight!
Thus, liken'd to this dingy ſpeck of earth,
Thus ever-ſhining looks our SECOND BIRTH.

With thee, my friend! I mourn the vile neglect
Of that, which government ſhould moſt protect.

How are the Royal Forests fall'n! ah, where
The oaks robuſt, that mounted into air,
For man and beaſt their opening arms diſplay'd,
And kindly courted to their friendly ſhade!
Of thoſe that are diſmantl'd in the ſtead
No riſing Plant erects its uſeful head.
Tellus herſelf looks ſad, as if to mourn
Her trees up-rooted, and her honors ſhorn;
For now no Navies grow, where once they grew,
To guard the groves, from whence their ſtrength
they drew.
Yet one advantage on the deſert plain,
In future time may tyrant monarchs gain.
Safe may they hunt, from all ſuſpicion free,
Nor fear the dart, that's aim'd behind a tree.

Abſtracted from the bliſs with which 'tis fraught,
In point of profit, Planting's worth a thought.

No

No wild ſo bad, but what is tam'd by toil,
And various trees will thrive on various ſoil,
No bog ſo dreadful, and no fen ſo low,
Near which th' aquatic poplar will not grow.
Begin ye rich! and ſoon upon your lands,
Your barren mountains, and neglected ſands,
All that can feaſt, and entertain your eyes,
From year to year will in ſucceſſion riſe,
Forming a fund, that muſt with proper care
Increaſe your income, and enrich your heir.

Each Lord of acres much I wiſh to ſee
Take an example, HANBURY! from thee.
Tho' 'tis confeſs'd that you the nobleſt plan
Of UNIVERSAL CHARITY began,
Not to *one* country's boundary confin'd,
But graſping *all*, as general as the wind.
Freed from his debts, and from a noiſome jail
Thee ſhall the long-loſt, grateful captive hail.

No longer ſhall the poor man want his cow,
The maid her ewe, the huſbandman his plough.
In thy aſylum (which may heaven defend!)
An honeſt man ſhall never want a friend.
There ſhall rewards and fame exalt the juſt,
And groaning vice in anguiſh champ the duſt.

In vain did malice, with her train of liars,
In various ſhapes of baronets and 'ſquires,
Spread the falſe tale to thwart the gen'rous ſcheme,
And meanly ſtrive to ſink thee in eſteem.
In vain did envy all her venom bring,
Blunt was her dart and pointleſs was her ſting.
Arm'd with true fortitude, you firmly ſtood
Th' unſhaken champion of the public good;
Scorn'd to be awed by thoſe, who tried to awe,
And ſmiling baffl'd the chicane of law.

When potent GENIUS mounts his lawful throne,
The rebel dunces ſtrive to pull him down.

Eccentric ſpirits urge the vulgar band
To miſ-judge *that*, they cannot underſtand.
Thus in the bigot ſuperſtitious days,
Deſtruction lurk'd behind the comet's blaze.
But when philoſophy poſſeſs'd the mind,
Enlarg'd its circle, and its droſs refin'd,
Then was it hail'd, as deſtin'd to fulfil,
In periods due th' ALMIGHTY's myſtic will.

Where now are all thy fierce opponents fled!
In ſilence now they hang the baſhful head.
But leave we theſe—theſe only lead aſtray,
And check the progreſs of the darling lay.

PART II.

NOW, FANCY! dart thy far-exploring eyes,
And view the tow'ring ſtructures, e're they riſe.
As kind to other ſtrains, be kind to mine,
And ſhadow forth the laudable deſign:
At which remote poſterity will gaze
In turn with equal rapture and amaze,
Doubting to ſolve as fearing they may err,
Which moſt attracts, which moſt they ſhould prefer,
The head that plann'd, or heart that was inclin'd
To feel, and feeling ſuccour all mankind.

On yon proud eminence where LANGTON ſtands,
That yields a proſpect of the richeſt lands,
There ſhall the grand collegiate CHURCH ariſe,
A welcome, free-will off'ring to the ſkies.
Gothic the Stile, and tending to excite
Free-thinkers to a ſenſe of what is right,

With

With length'ning ayles, and windows that impart
A gloomy ſteady light to chear the heart,
Such as affects the ſoul, and which I ſee
With joy, celeſtial *Weſtminſter*! in thee.
Not like Saint PAUL's, beneath whoſe ample dome,
No thought ariſes of the life to come.
For, tho' ſuperb, not ſolemn is the place,
The mind but wanders o'er the diſtant ſpace,
Where 'ſtead of thinking on the GOD, moſt men
Forget his preſence to remember *Wren*.

But tho' each beauteous order may proclaim
Th' unrivall'd Architect's immortal fame;
Whether 'tis juſt, or for Cathedrals fit,
Let abler heads condemn me, or acquit.
To me it gives a thought I fain would ſhun,
A temple ſuited to more Gods than one.

Within the ſacred viſto of a grove
The *Goths* in Pagan ages worſhip'd Jove.

Rude

Rude their firſt temples, the reſult of haſte
Nor bore the leaſt ſimilitude of taſte.
But when o'er Spain triumphant lords they grew,
And chang'd their old religion for a new,
Their wits expanded, and they firſt began
To form their ſolemn, grove-reſembling plan.
Hence do the long Cathedral viſtos pleaſe,
Where ſtrength unites with elegance and eaſe.
With more magnificence, and ampler ſpace,
The ſtile was heighten'd by the NORMAN race.
And ſince the vaſt improvement, which they wrought,
The whole to perfect ſymmetry is brought.
Bow down ye *Grecians!* and, ye *Romans*, bow!
To this grand mode the preference allow.
No grace from you, from you no part was ſtole,
Original, and matchleſs through the whole.

Say!

Say! can the beſt parochial churches vie
E'en with the worſt Cathedral, where the high,
The low, the ignorant, and learned few
Are ſtruck with ſomewhat heav'nly at the view,
Where varying parts form one conſiſtent whole,
And all the God comes ruſhing on the ſoul.
There maſſive columns clumſy ſtrength betray,
And arches round their pond'rous load diſplay.
Here ev'ry pointed arch, with taſte impreſt,
On ſlender pillars takes its eaſy reſt,
With ſolemn beauties raviſhing the ſight,
Taper, yet ſtrong, magnificent, tho' light.

Ye! who have mark'd old Ely's reverend tow'rs,
Lincoln or York, where grandeur nobly pours,
Freſh wonders on the eye, while buſy thought
With inſtant ſenſe of deity is caught,
A holy fervor ſeizes on the mind,
That ſprings from earth & leaves the world behind.

Leaves the dim world, and all its ſhadowy train,
Whoſe keeneſt rapture ſharpens into pain,
Tell me! if like theſe venerable walls,
Where each inſcription to devotion calls,
Tell me! if PAUL's, or in the whole, or part,
Can thus alarm, affect, and chear the heart.
If not, with all its ſtrength, and all its grace,
Proportion'd from the ſummit to the baſe,
The ſtile of *Wren* muſt not aſſume the ſway,
But to the *Gothic* prime obedience pay.

LANGTON! the time will come, the hallow'd time,
When in thy MINSTER with a glow ſublime,
Religion's ſons the ſolemn ſtrain ſhall raiſe,
And chant their Maker's, and their Saviour's praiſe.
In thought I hear the voice and organ blend,
Full through the dome the uniſon extend:
And as the tones majeſtic roll around,
Each conſcious arch reverberates the ſound.

With ſaint-like extaſy to fill the ſoul,
Th' exalting diapaſon crowns the whole,
Muſic's omnipotence! and chiefly giv'n
To peal the grand omnipotence of heav'n.

Now be the ſpacious HOSPITAL my theme,
Where Pity will diffuſe its mildeſt beam.
There ſhall the aged meet with due relief,
And wipe, with joy wipe off the tear of grief.
No more ſhall poverty their miſery ſeal,
Detain the 'veſtment, or withhold the meal,
No more expoſe 'em ſhivering and bare
To the rough inſults of the ruthleſs air,
No more perplex 'em in what dubious way
To get the ſcanty morſel of the day,
Plenty, but plenty without waſte ſhall reign,
With Peace, the chief attendant in her train.
There with good things pale Hunger ſhall be fed,
And Sickneſs find a pillow for her head.

Uncall'd ſhall come the ſympathyzing friend,
Sooth all her ſorrow and her couch attend,
Watch night and day, benevolent and mild,
Mild as a parent o'er the drooping child.
In thoſe ſad moments, thoſe long hours of grief,
One tear from pity gives ſome ſhort relief;
But when ſhe comes with over-flowing heart,
And all things needful in the healing art;
The ſoul's at quiet, undiſpos'd and even,
Forgets its anguiſh, and relies on heav'n.
There too religion ſhall extend her ſway,
And converts liſten, as her vot'ries pray,
While ſome angelic ſpirit from on high
Shall catch the ſounds, and waft 'em to the ſky,
Sounds, which on earth unheeded as they are,
And oft contemn'd, ſhall find a welcome there.
Let pert low wit (low wit is always pert)
Its puny, ſtrengthleſs argument exert,

Boldly

Boldly I tell it to its endleſs ſhame,
(And here the votes of all good men I claim)
Unleſs corrected in Religion's ſchool,
A genius is a dunce, a wit's a fool.

Want of religion ſcares the guilty ſoul,
When o'er his head he ſees deſtruction roll,
Confounds the daring, makes the tyrant dumb,
Or howl with terror at the life to come.
Then will falſe heroes tremble with appal,
And own the Chriſtian triumphs over all.

What made that more than monſter, HARRY! rave,
Vent the fell curſe, and dread the yawning grave?
And *Wolſey*, thou! who with unbounded pride
Lower'd contempt on all the world beſide,
Bleſt with each earthly ſplendor but a crown,
When woes aſſail'd, what preſs'd thy courage down!
Had'ſt thou with truth Religion's laws rever'd,
Nor death, nor adverſe fortune had'ſt thou fear'd.

What

What made pale *Cromwell* ſhun th' Aſſaſſin's eye,
Mail'd like a coward, and afraid to die!
While the good RICHARD, tho' not half ſo *wiſe*,
In quiet liv'd, in quiet clos'd his eyes.

At *Harry*'s heart when death her aim began,
Th' imperious *King* could not aſſiſt the man;
Nor *Wolſey*'s talents palliate *Wolſey*'s grief,
Nor *Cromwell*'s arms to *Cromwell* give relief.

Around each guilty wretch ſuch terrors wait,
Each wretch, regardleſs of a future ſtate.
Pleaſing it is in fortune's car to ride,
And own the channel of her golden tide.
Pleaſing the ſceptre of majeſtic ſway,
To rule at large where ſubjects homage pay.
Pleaſing all earthly goods—they can't but pleaſe,
Yet more than pleaſing when the mind's at eaſe;
But when thro' royal breaſts guilt ſhoots her ſting,
An honeſt hind excels a vicious king.

Health

Health to thee, GEORGE! all health & length of days!
Whoſe virtues ſoar beyond my feeble praiſe.
What tho' malevolence may take her aim,
The random dart can never wound thy fame:
Safe in thy conſcience may'ſt thou calmly ſit,
Nor heed the weakneſs of ill-manner'd wit;
And here I wiſh (for thou art all our own)
The Court, the Cot, would copy from the throne.

Return, O Muſe! return into thy way,
Nor longer lead thy votary aſtray.
With quick and quicker ſteps thy pace extend,
And ſafe conduct him to his journey's end.
The grand MUSEUM there ſhall ſtrike the eye,
And furniſh ſtudents with a large ſupply;
Teach 'em the virtues of the plants to know,
How beſt to cultivate, where beſt they grow;
Teach 'em the various properties, and pow'r,
Of every herb, and medicinal flow'r.

What

What Nature yields throughout her wide domain,
The wood, the rock, the hill, the vale, the plain,
Whate'er her ſprings, and foſſil mines produce,
There ſhall they learn, and learning teach their uſe.

There ſhall a ſpacious TEMPLE rear its head,
And o'er the walls immortal Painting ſpread
Her ſacred Canvas. Pious pupils there
For meditation calm ſhall oft repair,
And, to each martyr's fate familiar grown,
Learn from their ills in life to bear his own.

The SCHOOL ſhall train each rude unletter'd youth,
His morals guide, and point the way to truth;
O'er the young thought its genial ſpirit pour,
And ſpread its bloſſom to a beauteous flow'r.
As diff'rent minds with diff'rent parts are bleſt,
Some dimmer, and ſome brighter than the reſt,
Improv'd by time, and form'd by culture's hand,
Here ſhall they ripen, flouriſh, and expand:

And

And here shall MATHESIS look Nature through,
Untwist each knot, unravel ev'ry clew;
ANTIQUITY peruse *Time's* old records,
And GRAMMAR nicely poise her scale of words.
Here too shall BOTANY her task fulfil,
And give rare proofs of vegetable skill;
Whilst MUSIC, soaring to th' ethereal plain,
Descends, and with her brings a nobler strain.
Here Art shall reign, and Science ever grow,
And future striplings bend the Poet's bow,
Or tune his harp, and in harmonious lays
Sing their immortal benefactor's praise.
And oh! my HANBURY! should they deign to join
(Tho' in the lowest breath) my name to thine,
My Name, which else might in oblivion lie,
Shall then revive—revive, and never die.

THE WHIM:

AN EPISTLE

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON THE NAMING OF HIS CHILD.

ACCEPT, my good Friend, of this whimfical Verfe,

As men take their fpouſes, for better, for worſe;

You ſay that your Wife, to your very great joy,

Is juſt brought-to-bed of a fine chopping Boy.

You aſk me—I wonder your fancy it hit—

To give it a Name that's proper and fit.

Some

Some thought *that* requires—a great deal of thought,
And ſeldom is canvaſs'd, ſo well as it ought.
For much of man's conſequence, much of his fame
Depends on his having a good or bad Name.
A ſomething in fancy puts ſenſe to the rout,
As the former ſteps in, ſo the latter ſteps out.

(Before you've read all, I'm afraid by the bye,
The truth of this maxim to me you'll apply.)
By *her* magic, ideas will fluctuate oft,
As the Name's rough or muſical, ſounding or ſoft.
A junction of ſyllables alters 'em quite,
As they chance to be coupl'd, the wrong way,
or right.
I'll give you an inſtance of what I have ſeen,
And then, my good friends, you will know what
I mean.

A [illegible] love with a Fair,
Whom he [illegible] not where;

Her name on enquiry was *Barbara Wallop*,
At the ſound he grew ſick, and he thought her a
Trollop.
She appear'd from a beauty, enchanting and warm,
Quite ſunk to a cold, diſagreeable form.
Her bright, ſhining eyes, which by Nature were
gloſs'd,
He thought by pomatum, or tallow were croſs'd.
Each delicate feature had loſt its impreſſion,
And the love-ſtricken youth no more ſigh'd for
poſſeſſion.
Her beauty, where Nature had finiſh'd her part,
He raſhly concluded the produce of art,
Which ſo *much* the *young ladies*, & *old ones* aſſume,
That they look like a warehouſe of paint and
perfume.
In his way from the ſtand, he obſerv'd a young maid
Tripping over the [illegible] without any parade;

A

A meer Village Beauty, untainted by art,
Who, when that ſhe ſpoke, always ſpoke from the heart.
No VENUS was ſhe, for no DEVONSHIRE's air,
Or BOUVERIE's grace had accompliſh'd the Fair.
But ſomething there was in her ſhape and her face,
That made up ſome little amends in their place:
What's your name, pretty maiden—AMELIA, ſhe ſaid,
And modeſtly bluſhing, averted her head.
The ſoft-flowing liquids ſo ſenſibly ſtole
With delight on his ear, that they melted his ſoul;
From that moment his honeſt addreſſes he ply'd,
Nor ceas'd, till he made his AMELIA his bride.
So you ſee, that the ears may by fancy's ſupplies,
The triumph of love bear away from the eyes.

I doubt, if MARC ANTONY ever had been
So fooliſhly fond of CLEOPATRA the Queen,
Had her name been *Bet Bouncer* or *Madge of the Green*.

You've

You've heard of, no doubt, *Alexander the Great*,
Applauded for many a notable feat,
So wonderful, rapid, so notable, new,
Our Gen'rals the like are not able to do:
But had he been call'd *Alexander the Little*,
His actions would ne'er have avail'd him a tittle.
Even *Jack*, our own *Jack*, who kill'd so many giants,
Would have set all his valiant exploits at defiance:
That Jack, as meer *Jack*, who has long since been rotten,
Had ages ago at his death been forgotten:
Since KILLER of GIANTS is fix'd to his name,
He stands in repute on the annals of fame;
And ever will stand, long as *Grub-street* is known,
And Hist'ries are hawk'd thro' the Country and Town:
I even prefer him to GREAT TOMMY THUMB,
Tho' to fame handed down for whole ages to come

By

By FIELDING, who had no occaſion for *ſquire*,
His Name to eſtabliſh, and make it ſtand higher.

The late EARL OF NORTHINGTON carried a ſound,
That created in Court veneration profound;
But on equity's bench had he taken his place,
As *Tilbury Bob*, 'twould have alter'd the caſe.
The *Gents* of the bar, who are fond of a *rub*,
Would have ſaid, that he look'd, notwithſtanding his robe,
Like a Chairman of ſome Conſtitutional Club.

There's SOCRATES, PLATO, and XENOPHON too!
The fineſt old Greeks I can bring to your view:
Were three ſcurvy names but affix'd to the print,
As *Paddington*, *Bagſhot*, or *Mat of the Mint*;
Their elaborate works would be kick'd from the ſchools,
And the three men of ſenſe be reputed three fools.

Should

Should Miller He-he write a tragical play,
What mortal alive could forbear a *He-he*.
Or suppose *Miller Grief* should a comedy write,
Ten to one but each scene would be damn'd the
first night.

Had GARRICK been call'd IABLONOWSKI by name,
Do you think he'd have mounted the summit of
fame?
I think that he would, tho' it tends to make weak
The opinion of things I have ventur'd to speak,
For his voice was so musical (judge me the Town)
He has oft made the nonsense of others go down;
The blind thro' his accents the author could spy,
And the deaf understood all the speech of his eye.

Now turn we aside to the *Garrat* Election,
On which has been cast some indecent reflection:
'Tis call'd a burlesque, a meer farce and a jest,
But I think it as good to the full, as the rest;

Except

Except in one inſtance--the name of each party
Can force from a Cynic a laugh that is hearty.
For who but muſt laugh till he drops to the ground,
At *Blow-me-down*—*Gubbins*—or any ſuch ſound!
'Tis enough to uncurl e'en a CHESTERFIELD's brow,
And that was in buckle enough you'll allow.

But why a Burleſque—why is GARRAT to blame!
For are not all other Elections the ſame?
Where greatneſs & meanneſs go both hand in hand,
From morning to night at each other's command,
Where ſhoes and coarſe ſtockings, not worth a man's wear,
And breeches, are ſold twenty guineas a pair,
And notes flung away for a parcel of ditties,
For what--why to make a horſe-laugh for *Committees*.

To come to the point—
You want me to think of a Name for your child,
Leſt his Character ſhould *in futuro* be ſpoil'd:

But that muſt be ſuited to what you intend him,
A Phyſician either may marr him, or mend him.
If you're rich in the funds, and in landed poſſeſſion,
I preſume, you'll not breed him to any profeſſion.
Should that be the caſe, then let GEORGE be his name,
'Twill put him in mind of his *Sovereign*'s fame.

If your fortune be ſcanty, then follow this plan,
I wiſh you ſucceſs, which is all that I can.
In the *Pulpit* to ſhine ſhould your Son be deſign'd,
Pick and chuſe out the very beſt Name you can find.
CORNWALLIS, I think, is a very good word—
If too long that appears, what ſay you to HURD?
There are many more Names of repute I have miſs'd,
But for theſe I refer to th' Epiſcopal liſt.
In the *Law* ſhould you like him to make good his way,
Why then let the youngſter be chriſten'd DR GREY.
Or if in the *Army* you place him, what name
So proper as CARLTON, to ſpur him to fame!

In

In the *Navy*—I know not well there what to ſay—
Can you think of a better than BARRINGTON, pray?
In a fit of your gravity ſhould you deſign
The young rogue to move on the Phyſical line,
Why then call him SCHOMBERG, 'twill urge him to knowledge;
I am ſure I am right—I appeal to the College.

Should your next be a female—be CHARLOTTE her name;
I wiſh that her life may be free from all blame,
Like one I could mention—you know whom I mean,
For who can it be, my good friend, but the QUEEN?

If you think it too bold that a ſubject ſhould bear
The name of a Queen, who's a type for the Fair,
Take a peep or two into the Circle polite,
You'll be pleas'd with a name, and be pleas'd with the ſight.

Is there not CR-W- of ſweet, unſtudied Grace,
With Manners not leſs charming than her face?
CR-V-N, with whom the little loves reſide;
M-LB-RN- the lovely—*W-rw-ck*'s gentle Bride;
M-ST-RS the pleaſing—for with ſo much eaſe,
And faultleſs form, ſhe cannot fail to pleaſe.

But why recount the long, progreſſive train
Of *Britiſh Fair*, where Beauty holds her reign?
With dazzling lineaments ſuch numbers riſe,
Their radiance darts too potent on my eyes.
Here then I pauſe—'tis yours to take the hint,
Which thus I venture to throw out in print.

And now, my old ſchoolmate & friend of my heart,
A word or two more in your ear, 'fore we part:
As I wiſh that your *Bantling* may live and do well,
And in all that he undertakes ever excel;
So I hope in return, when you take off your wine,
You will toaſt good ſucceſs to this *Bantling* of mine.

THE

THE PATENT.

HAPPY the Man, who duly pays his debts,
He ſtill more happy, who a patent gets.
THIS proſe enlivens, and adorns the rhyme,
Lifts the low thought, and ſtamps it with ſublime;
Catches the eye, allures that erring ſenſe,
Ere ſteady Judgment can her reign commence,
Like Copper-plates, at which Men-children look,
And praiſe the Prints, before they read the book.

Hail

Hail to the Patent! which enables Man
To vend a FOLIO—or a Warming-pan.
This makes the Windlaſs work with double force,
And Smoke-jacks* whirl more rapid in their courſe;
Confers a ſanction on the Doctor's pill,
Oft' known to cure, but oft'ner known to kill.
What man would ſcruple to reſign his breath,
Provided he could die a Patent death!

Hail to the Patent! that at *Irwin's* ſhop,†
Improves the flavor of a Currant-drop.
This gives to *Waſhes* charms unknown before,
By veſtals practis'd, practis'd by the whore;
Nor leſs by thoſe, who taſtefully aſpire,
And look like ladies dreſt in men's attire.

THIS

* Smoke-jacks by his Majeſty's Letters Patent, advertiſed to be ſold by Dolley and Oldham, corner of Brook-ſtreet, Holborn.

† By the King's Patent, Lozenges and Currant-Drops, adver-tiſed to be ſold by Irwin, Confectioner, in Berkeley-ſquare.

This too can make an Effigies squint so high,
As to o'erflow the parlour next the sky,
That he who sleeps, shall wake and start amain,
And think the gen'ral deluge come again;
Impart a property to all machines,
To Milk of Roses,* and to Magazines;
To Folly's features give the face of sense,
And raise a trifle into consequence,
Whate'er it be, a *Pinchbeck* or a toy,
A Tyburn caxon, or a *Dalmahoy*.

So *Puff*'s engaging Art ('tis all in all)
Can sink the great, and magnify the small;
Silver to tin, or tin to silver turn,
And of a Jordan make a Roman urn:
Alike from all things he derives applause,
An English pipkin, or a Tuscan vase†;

Or

* By the King's Patent, Milk of Roses, sold by Warren, the Perfumer; and the Universal Magazine, by Hinton, Bookseller, in Pater-noster-Row.

† The different pronunciation of this word from the spelling, it is presumed, will apologize for the apparent defect of the rhyme.

Or modern pictures ſtamps an ancient name,
And robs the *dead* to give the *living* fame.

The time may come, when nothing will ſucceed,
But what a previous Patent hath decreed;
And we muſt open, on ſome future day,
The door of Nature with a Patent Key.*
My very wig, tho' ſomewhat worſe for wear,
Is Patent-made, and eke of Patent hair;
Nay, e'en my ſhoe a vaſt importance takes,
Gloſs'd with the genuine Patent Blacking-cakes,†
Thoſe cakes, of which the Author well may boaſt,
That ſhine ſo brightly—*in the Morning Poſt.*
Patent-ribb'd ſtockings too my legs inveſt;
For what's a leg, unleſs 'tis Patent-dreſt?

Since

* Patent Water-Cloſets, ſold by W. Allen, New Bond-ſtreet.

† By the King's Patent, Cakes for ſhining Liquid Blacking, ſold by [illegible], Charing-Croſs.

Since Patents are obtain'd, as fancy wills,
For Jacks, and Wigs, and *juſtly-famous Pills*,*
Ought not the Bard this inſtrument to gain,
That, as he ſows, He too may reap the grain?

But why on Patents of this nature dwell?
Would not a Patent-place do full as well?
No matter whether I've a head or not;
Where Int'reſt rules, the parts are quite forgot.

A certain Lordling, at a certain Board,
Muſt needs put in a ſmall adviſing word;
The firſt in office check'd him in a trice,
And, ſneering, ſaid, he did not want advice.
For what, ſaid t' other then, do I ſit here!
For what!—to pouch a Thouſand Pounds a year.
From hence we ſee, that Knowledge at the beſt
Is over-look'd, or turn'd into a jeſt.

* Leake's Juſtly-Famous Pills, ſold at the Golden-Head, St. Bride's-Lane, by the King's Patent.

Men of ſolemn, ſlow-diſcerning eye,
This nation may pronounce abſurd—but why?
Suppoſe the Monarch of Britannia's throne,
Whoſe health to me is dearer than my own,
By ſome ſtrange impulſe of the fancy led,
Should HAWKINS make a Judge in MANSFIELD's ſtead,
And, odd to think on! for the frolic ſake,
Lord MANSFIELD Surgeon to the Houſehold make;
It might be deem'd an inconſiſtent thing,
That one ſhould ſit to repreſent the King,
Expounding ſtatutes that he never read,
When PENNEL to the Bar was never bred.
Alike replete with miſchief, as with whim,
Should MANSFIELD try to ſet a broken limb,
A leg to amputate, or breathe a vein,
When 'tis his province ably to explain
The Laws of England, and their force to tell,
Which none know better, nor perhaps ſo well.

Or,

Or, what's as humʼrous, ſhould the King command
His Serjeants to compoſe his Muſic-band,
And ſend his Band to chatter at the Bar,
Where Lawyers chuckle, as their neighbours jar;
Perhaps, it might appear jocoſe to ſee
Old Serjeant WHITAKER attempt a Glee;
FOSTER and HILL both out of time and place,
And DAVY thrumming on the Double-baſs.

How droll for HOWARD, and for Doctor BOYCE,
In Quirks and Quibbles to oʼer-ſtrain their voice!
BURNEY and WEIDEMAN in Gowns to bawl,
Bawl in that Hole—the Hole within the Wall!*

Why droll, abſurd, or inconſiſtent, ſay?
Each full department of the State ſurvey.
The more we look, the ſurer we ſhall find
That partial favour raiſes human kind;

* The late Chief Juſtice Willes uſed jocularly to call the Court of Common-Pleas, the HOLE IN THE WALL.

Find places made for Men, not men for Places,
And fill'd by some, who ne'er possess'd the Graces.

Where shall I fly? where hide my begging face?
What method take to wriggle into Place?
Some pleasing sinecure, which I could fill,
As others do, by deputies at will;
Like some fat Clergy of the present day,
Who preach by proxy, and by proxy pray.

Had I been born in any other place,
The spurious offspring of a stol'n embrace,
Got by some trader to the Sugar Isles,
Deep in his vault amongst his hogshead-piles,
My Parent might have ey'd me with disgust,
The Child of Chance, and emblem of his lust;
Deem'd me a vile incumbrance in his way,
And sent me out, a cabin-boy, to sea.
Time and experience there had rooted out
Each soft emotion, and each wholesome doubt;
Quench'd,

Quench'd, as I gain'd the ſenſe of manly love,
The ſpark of Honour, and the flame of Love;
Of Human love, that ſun, which gilds the mind,
And beams Benevolence on all mankind;
Rank'd me as foremoſt in Oppreſſion's train,
Whilſt love of Good gave way to love of Gain:
And I the gay Commander might have been,
And rul'd the Veſſel, which I us'd to clean:
Force, fraud, and rapine, had attain'd the goal,
And ſome ſucceſsful murders crown'd the whole
In ſtate I then had rival'd, at the leaſt,
Thoſe rich, inhuman Butchers of the Eaſt;
Regal'd, like them, from Plenty's ample horn,
And been their envy, as I'm now their ſcorn.

Yet 'tis ſome merit to be free from wealth
Acquir'd by Murder, or by public Stealth.
Rather than baſk in Fortune's lucid ray,
A wounded ſpirit bleeding night and day;

Such

Bred up in home-ſpun rules, from which my heart,
So long acquainted, tells me ne'er to part,
No courtly, faſhionable vice I bear,
To make me worth the Miniſterial care:
I've no fair Siſter, or commodious Wife,
To ſwell my hopes, or hoiſt me into life.
Then why, ſince all upon the means depends,
Without the means expect to gain the ends?
Granted, that I could act a part ſo baſe,
To ſue, for bread, their and my diſgrace,

The

The ſame preferment I perhaps might hold,
As once a Wit a Midſhipman foretold.

Suppoſe, ſaid he, for Hircus I could get
A tempting Whore, or one who never yet
Was lur'd from Virtue's path, whoſe Virgin flow'r
No villain cropp'd in ſome unguarded hour;
Think you, his Lordſhip then would ſtand my friend,
And give me a Commiſſion in the end?
Yes, doubtleſs—a Commiſſion to procure
Another Virgin, or another Whore.

Such are the ladders which our Upſtarts climb,
To reach preferment in this *hallow'd* time.
To ſuch farewel! my ſteady path I keep,
Through life with credit ſatisfy'd to creep;
Not mount by Vice, to whoſe polluted wing
The high, the low remorſeleſs villains cling.
Spurr'd by this thought, I write without regret,
Spite of the Patent, which I cannot get;

Pleas'd

Not wholly scorning, nor rejecting praise;
Pleas'd if I raise a laugh, or smooth a frown,
Spite of the rules, that CHESTERFIELD lays down.
Man only laughs amidst Creation's throng;
STANHOPE's not right, or NATURE's in the wrong.

FINIS.

THE TEMPLE OF VIRTUE.

A DREAM.

Publiſhed from an original MANUSCRIPT.

By JAMES FORDYCE,
Miniſter at ALLOA.

In a DREAM, in a viſion of the night when deep ſleep falleth upon men, in ſlumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and ſealeth their inſtruction. ELIHU.

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Fordyce